

### ***The Password***

It is simply a question  
of syllables,  
a word

the smallest  
child may  
know.

But when I say it  
the sentry in you  
smiles,

and all the doors fly open  
on their winged  
hinges.

-- *Linda Pastan*

### ***All the doors fly open***

Yes, this may be the seventy-first annual session of the country's oldest writers' conference, but relax: you've all been given the password and we're eager to meet you. You'll quickly find that this is a unique community of smiles and open doors.

Because you may not know the customs and traditions of this place, we have prepared this first issue of a modest little rag we call ***The Crumb***, filled with useful information and a certain attitude we hope may make the sentry in you smile. Each morning, you will find the day's edition of ***The Crumb*** waiting for you outside the Dining Hall or at the Front Desk, filled with the day's schedule, assorted announcements, wry asides, table scraps, and whatever else we feel like placing

before you. Incredible as it may seem, ***The Crumb*** comes to you absolutely free throughout the ten days of the conference.

Inside this special edition, we list **things you'll find at Bread Loaf** [and things you won't], our **official taboos and courtesies**, and other **pertinent details** to help ease your acclimation to life on Bread Loaf Mountain.

## ***Things you'll find at Bread Loaf.....and things you won't.***

A yellow barn	Taco Bell
Lots of adirondack chairs	Comfortable seats in the Little Theatre
Your own personal mailbox	A mailbox combination lock that's easy to open
Plenty of shady porches	Elevators
Hot meals	Reserved seating
Recycling	Television
Four extremely popular pay phones	Phones in your rooms
A coin laundry	Dry cleaning
Check cashing [only at the Front Desk]	An ATM machine
A snack bar [inside the Barn]	Pizza Hut
A health clinic [in Cornwall Cottage, across from the Inn]	A pharmacy
A fax machine and a photocopier	Easy access to the outside world
A piano	Elvis (though there are rumors)
A library and a bookstore	A video store
<i>The New York Times</i> [if you subscribed in advance]	<i>The National Enquirer</i>
Tennis courts and hiking trails	A golf course
Johnson's Pond	Lifeguards at Johnson's Pond
Free afternoon taxi service to the town of Middlebury	Winnebago hook-ups
Many interesting readings, lectures, and special events	Campaign appearances

### ***Conference Staff:***

Director: *Michael Collier*

Administrative Director: *Devon Jersild*

Admissions Coordinator and Administrative Assistant: *Carol Knauss*

Social Staff: *Blue Argo, Steve Duffy, Gabrielle Burton, Kristen Lindquist, Sebastian Matthews, and Patrick Phillips* ● Headwaiters: *Wendy Gavin and Michael Theune* ● Editor of *The Crumb* and Director of the Bread Loaf Singers: *Al Hudgins* ● Librarians: *Elizabeth Sachs, Alison Woods-Richardson, and Judy Watts* ● Bookstore staff: *Heather Best and Kristin Henderson* ● Office Assistants: *Beth Thomas, Jennifer Calder, and Martha Clark* ● Computer Technician: *Caroline Eisner* ● Technical Assistant: *Chin Chong* ● Audio/Visual Technician: *Ted Howard*

### ***Bread Loaf Management:***

Front Desk Managers: *Edward and Victoria Brown* ● Front Desk Assistants: *Peter Newton, Nate Burt* ● Taxi Driver: *Nate Burt* ● Kitchen Supervisor: *Paul Larocque* ● Health Clinic Staff: *Sandy Brutkowski, R.N.; Kathy Heitcamp, R.N.* ● Caretaker: *Leo Hotte*



## Finding your way around

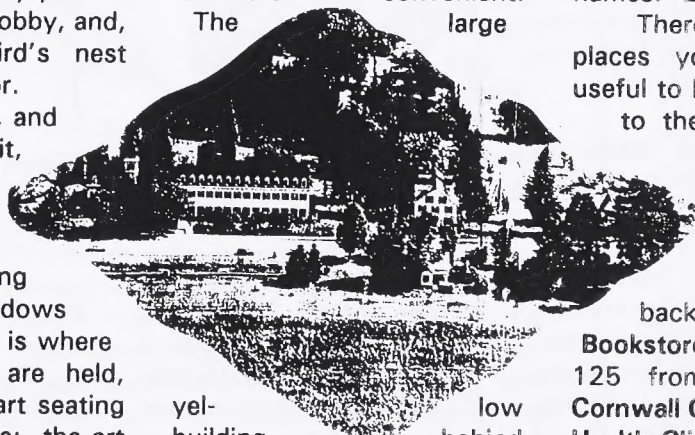
You've already discovered the Inn or you wouldn't be reading this. Some of you will be sleeping here. All of you will be eating here. The Conference Office is nearby, too, as are your mailboxes, the manuscript table, the Front Desk [source of much useful information and incredibly patient people], the Blue Parlor [where you registered today and where the Bread Loaf Singers rehearse], three pay phones to the rear of the lobby, and, sometimes, a bird's nest over the back door.

Behind the Inn, and at right angles to it, are two smaller buildings. The Little Theatre, a see-through building with its many windows and screen doors, is where all the readings are held, with state-of-the-art seating [the only trouble is: the art is torture]. The other building, further back, is Davison Library, which also contains the Apple Cellar computer room.

If you came by car and did as you were told, you've already found the large Parking Lot down a road just east of the Inn. You *must* park here. You *cannot* park on Vermont Route 125: it is against the law and your car

may be ticketed by passing state troopers. You also cannot park in front of the Inn after you've registered; this is reserved for the Bread Loaf Taxi. And parking behind the Inn is reserved for delivery vehicles. We'll remind you of this a few more times elsewhere in this issue to accommodate the stubborn, who seem to arrive each year along with everyone else. By the way, we *know* it's more convenient.

The large



yellow building low behind the Parking Lot is The Barn. It has more openings than the human body, and you might amuse yourself finding them all. The eastern side has a huge interior space with a snack bar, a piano, and places to sit comfortably. This is what's usually meant when people refer simply to "The Barn." In other sections of the building, you'll find some classrooms,

dormitories, and rest rooms.

The other essential place you need to find is **where you're staying**, if it's not one of those places listed above. The Front Desk can help. There are maps. Keep in mind that all the little buildings on this hill have quaint names, which are used in giving directions: learn yours. There's, um, a *cottage* industry in divining ironic ambiguities from these names. Enjoy yourself.

There are a few other places you might find it useful to locate: Next door to the Dining Hall is a building known as the Annex and in its basement down a few steps around the back is the Conference Bookstore. Across Vermont 125 from the Annex is Cornwall Cottage, where the Health Clinic is located, and two houses further east is Treman, the faculty lounge and site of the final Friday's cocktail party.

Weather permitting, we'll give campus tours today at 2, 3, and 4 p.m. Meet in front of the Inn, under the eagle sign. We'll orient you and answer any questions you have. If it's raining, we'll meet in Davison Library and give you a verbal tour.



## The Courtesies of the Hill

Life on Bread Loaf Mountain has its distinctive rituals and routines, and we ask you to be aware of a few simple courtesies that, over the last seventy years, we have found make things work more comfortably for us all.

Cartoon by Norton Girault

The daily issue of *The Crumb* usually answers most questions. We'll make a deal with you: we'll keep up with and publish all last-minute changes if you'll agree to put up with our prose.

Changes that don't make *The Crumb* are announced at meals. If you don't make it for meals and refuse to read *The Crumb*, you have the right to remain silent.

Nearly everyone wants to attend conference events. Please be understanding when you find things closed, or when closing time draws near. Administrative staffers work in the library, the bookstore, and the office, serve on the social staff, edit *The Crumb* and direct the Bread Loaf Singers. They're here on work scholarships to attend conference events and on those occasions when everyone wants to go to a particular event, you may find some of these services closed, with a sign indicating when they will re-open.

Don't hog the phones. There are only four pay



phones for all 200-plus of us. All outgoing calls must be made on these telephones. Please keep your phone conversations brief when you see someone waiting, even if you're on the Robert Frost Chat Line. Consider keeping in touch with the outside world by writing letters.

**Keep the Barn tidy.** The Barn is where most of us hang out. Please use the trash and recycling containers provided and do what you can to keep things neat.

**Theatre courtesies:** Try to arrive on time. If you can't avoid being late, please don't enter the way Madonna would. Many latecomers find it easier to join those who choose to sit outside the screen doors, where they are free to smoke and swat mosquitos.

**For whom the bell tolls:** It tolls for thee -- so thou mayest be forewarned as to approaching meals and events and reminded when thou hast become tardy.

## ***Official Taboos at Bread Loaf***

**No smoking.** Vermont law prohibits smoking in any building, including the dormitories. And outside, where you may indeed smoke, please exercise caution around these historic wooden buildings.

**No food or drink in the Little Theatre or the Library.** This prohibition extends to rotten eggs, fruit, and tomatoes, a circumstance for which you may be grateful as you approach the podium for your turn on Open Mike Night.

**No parking on Vermont Route 125, in front of or behind the Inn.** (We told you we'd keep mentioning this.)

**No lingering in the Dining Hall after meals.** Before the contributors on our Wait Staff can go to the next event, they must clean up the Dining Hall and set things up for the next meal. If *you* sit there, nursing along that third cup of coffee, you make things more difficult for them. They have come to Bread Loaf for the same reasons you have, and *not* for the glory of waiting tables. Keep the humble needs of our dedicated and hard-working Wait Staff in mind when you're tempted

to tarry in the Dining Hall, and, instead, buy that last cup of coffee in the Barn.

**Don't turn off hallway lights,** even to conserve energy. It's a violation of fire laws.

**Don't trash the communal bathrooms.** Do what you can to help keep them clean.

**No typing in your rooms after 10 p.m.** It's a noise thing. And a courtesy thing to your roommate and your neighbors on the other side of those thin Bread Loaf walls.

**Don't start a war between the Early Risers and the Night Owls.** Whichever camp claims you, please be courteous about the needs of those strange people on the opposite side. Watch excessive noise late at night and excessive cheerfulness at breakfast. In general, the Barn is a good refuge for both camps. Early risers will find it a better location for early morning workouts than their room or the corridors of their dormitories. Night owls will find the Barn ideal for late-night revelries, especially musical ones, though keep in mind that the east side of the building houses sleeping quarters: keep it down after

midnight if you don't want your party invaded by groggy Early Risers. Believe me, *that's* not a pretty sight.

### ***Hours of Operation***

#### **Conference Office:**

Daily, 8:30 am - 12:30 pm, 2 - 5:30 pm, 7:30 - 9 pm

#### **Front Desk and Switchboard:**

Daily, 8:30 am - 10:00 pm, except Sunday: 9 am - noon, 5 - 10 pm

#### **Library:**

Daily, 8:45 am - 12:30 pm, 2 - 6 pm; Sunday, 9 am - noon

#### **Bookstore:**

Daily, 8:30 am - 12:30 pm, 2 - 6 pm; Sunday, 11 am - noon

#### **Snack Bar:**

Daily, 8:15 am - 6 pm, 6:30 - 11 pm

#### **Health Clinic:**

Schedule posted on Health Clinic Door at Cornwall Cottage, across Vermont Route 125 from the Inn



## *The Details*

**Bells:** How we keep track of time on the hill. It rings at 7:30 a.m. to wake you up, ten minutes before the start of each event, and when the event begins. You can note here, if you'd like, that we tolled you so.

**Food:** We start serving breakfast at 7:30 and stop serving it at 8:30. Lunch is at one o'clock; dinner at 6:30. The Snack Bar, inside the Barn, can keep you from starving in between. They

have great fries.

**Laundry:** Near the phone booth by the Parking Lot is the Laundry House. Just look for the shack with a dirty sock on the floor. The Front Desk keeps a supply of quarters on hand, if you run out. You can purchase laundry detergent at the bookstore.

**Mailboxes:** Located in the lobby, the mailboxes for which each of you received a combination are notoriously

difficult to open. Part of the problem are the hash marks on the dial, which have irregular lengths that don't conform to expectations. Practice a bit and you should get it. Ask the Front Desk for assistance if you're stuck. And remember to take care not to pick up your box-mate's mail.

**Pre-breakfast juice and coffee:** Available in the front corner of the Dining Hall by about 7 a.m.

### *The myriad ways the Front Desk can help you*

Managed by Ed and Victoria Brown and staffed by Peter Newton and Nate Burt, the Front Desk is the place to go for check cashing, mailbox problems, subscriber copies of the *New York Times*, the Bread Loaf Lost and Found, local lore, transportation info, and a range of other miscellaneous things. Generally speaking, if you're not sure whom to ask about something, head for the Front Desk and they can usually steer you right and be downright charming as they do so. But here are a few more specifics:

- **Newspapers:** Subscribers can pick up their *New York Times* copies at the Front Desk around 11 a.m.
- **Post Office:** The Post Office is located at the Front Desk. Outgoing mail must be posted by 3 pm on weekdays and by 1 pm on Saturdays. There is no mail service on Sunday. Incoming mail is ready for distribution by about 9 am and 4:45 pm.
- **Lost room keys:** Can be replaced at the Front Desk for a charge of \$25.
- **Incoming telephone calls:** These go through the Front Desk switchboard [802/388-7945], which is open whenever the Front Desk is open. **Phone messages will be in your mailbox.** Tell your callers to keep time differences in mind. There are four pay phones [one near the Laundry House and three inside the Inn] for outgoing calls.
- **Locating you in an emergency:** If you plan to be away from the mountain for any extended period of time, let the people at the Front Desk know.
- **Check cashing:** You may cash personal or traveller's checks at the Front Desk, up to \$75 per person per day. There is, however, no limit to the amount of cash the editor of *The Crumb* will accept as a gratuity for his breathless prose. Unmarked bills, please.

## *More of the Details*

**Davison Library:** You are welcome to make use of Davison Library, its printed and video resources, its typewriters, and its helpful staff (Elizabeth Sachs, Alison Woods-Richardson, and Judy Watts). It's located next to the Little Theatre: just follow the sidewalk. The Middlebury College Library is also available to Bread Loafers.

**The Bookstore:** Located in the basement of the building known as **The Annex**, next to the Inn's Dining Hall. The entrance is around the back. Here you may purchase books by staff and fellows as well as miscellaneous supplies, such as soap, toothpaste, stationery, batteries, and Bread Loaf t-shirts. The friendly bookstore staff (Heather Best and Kristin Henderson) will accept cash, Visa, Master Card, and both personal and traveller's checks. Please don't ask them to be a check-cashing service, though: do that at the Front Desk.

**The Health Clinic:** Registered nurses Sandy Brutkowski and Kathy Heitcamp staff Cornwell Cottage, dispensing aspirins, ice packs, and other first aid treatments. They'll contact a physician for you. They'll store and administer

your medications if necessary. And if you need them and find them out, the Inn's Front Desk staff will know where they are.

**The Blue Parlor:** Available for use by all who attend the conference as a site for a more refined form of hanging out. Just keep in mind that people are often sleeping on the floor above and try to rein in those rafter-rumbling frivolities. The Bread Loaf Singers reserve this space each day at 12:15 p.m. for a forty-five-minute rehearsal.

**The Bread Loaf Singers:** Open to anyone who likes to sing. The group rehearses each day for forty-five minutes before lunch, at 12:15 p.m. in the Blue Parlor, and will perform for the conference several times next week. We *welcome* novices, even if you don't know how to read music. It's a nice break from the world of words. And I have it on good authority that the director is a prince of a fellow.

**Computers:** Available in the Apple Cellar, at the rear of the Davison Library. Caroline Eisner is the computer technician. Look for a separate sheet about this in your registration packet.

**Faxes and Photocopies:** The fax machine in the Conference Office is available when the office is staffed. This year, Beth Thomas, Jennifer Calder, and Martha Clark are Carol Knauss' lieutenants. **Photocopies**, in limited quantities, can be made during office hours for ten cents a copy. No self-service. Allow plenty of time for the office staff to squeeze in your job amidst all the conference work.

**Towels and washcloths:** Provided by the conference and replaced once midway through. **Bed linens** are changed once during the conference.

**Vermont speed limits are strictly enforced.** Be forewarned. Don't underestimate the curves and slope of our mountain roads in your haste to get to town.

**Recycling:** In Vermont, we recycle cans, bottles, colored paper, white paper, newspapers, magazines, liberals, and even, on occasion, ideas. The recycling bins are clearly marked. Please use them.

**Middlebury College Art Gallery:** If you're in town, you're invited to visit the campus art gallery.



## *A Few Words about Taxis*

**Free Taxi:** The afternoon taxi to the town of Middlebury departs from the front of the Inn [near the eagle sign] at 2 o'clock. Nate Burt, our driver, will designate the pick-up point and be waiting at 4 p.m. for the return trip. He will not inconvenience the punctual to accommodate stragglers, so please be prompt. The taxi will arrive back at the Inn around 4:30 p.m. There is no charge for this service and no truth to the rumor that the taxi makes regular stops at the A&W Root Beer Drive-In en route.

**Self-Taxi:** If you have your own transportation, feel free to investigate the surrounding area, including Texas Falls on the eastern side of the ridge line and the town of Middlebury in the valley to the west. The Vermont State Crafts Store is there, along with many restaurants and shops. Please exercise caution on the mountain roads and mind your speed, for you'll find both the road and a Vermont state trooper can be very unforgiving.

**Shared Taxi for Departures:** We realize you just got here, but every year it seems someone misunderstands how we do things at the

other end; so if you are in need of transportation for **Sunday, August 25 only**, please read the following information carefully.

● Bread Loafers needing a ride to a bus depot or airport should **sign up for a shared taxi**. You should do this at the Front Desk, not at the Conference Office. Please have your travel times available and keep in mind that in light of recent events, airport security is tighter than it used to be and takes longer to clear. You are free to make your own arrangements if you choose, but the shared taxi will be cheaper.

● The preliminary **shared taxi departure schedule** will be posted near the Front Desk by **Thursday, August 22**. If you have requested a shared taxi, **you should check the schedule no later than Thursday evening** and confirm your reservation. Your **non-refundable fare** will be payable when you do so. Please note those words: *non-refundable*.

● Once you have confirmed your reservation for a shared cab, **please don't subsequently arrange alternate transportation**. We spend a good bit of time determining the size and number of vehicles we'll need based on your reservations, and **taxis are**

**scheduled based on the number of people expected to need service at a particular hour**. Changes and cancellations put a major crimp in our carefully-worked schedules. Don't overlook the fact, too, that your fare must be paid when you confirm your reservation and that, once paid, **it will not be refunded**.

● **We cannot make changes in the taxi schedules after six p.m. Friday, August 23.**

● **The taxis will depart from the front of the Inn at the times indicated on the schedule**. In this regard, we will maintain the punctuality of *Die Bahn*, the German National Railroad. If, for example, we post a departure time of 9:00 sharp, that's exactly what we mean: 9:00, not 9:05 or 9:10. We will leave on time.

● **You must be in front of the Inn at the stated time with your luggage at hand, ready to board**. There won't be time to talk about Victor Laszlo or how we'll always have Paris. There won't be time for one last picture. We cannot come looking for you and we won't hold the taxi if you're late. Should you miss your scheduled taxi, you will be responsible for making your own alternate arrangements, at your own expense.



## ***Today's Schedule***

- 10:00 Registration, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch, *Dining Hall*
- 2:00 More Registration, *Blue Parlor*  
First Campus Tour, *Outside in front of the Inn*
- 3:00 Second Campus Tour, *Outside in front of the Inn*
- 4:00 Third Campus Tour, *Outside in front of the Inn*
- 6:30 Dinner, *Dining Hall*
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **Richard Bausch, Patricia Spears Jones**, *Little Theatre*

## ***Tomorrow's Schedule***

- 7:30 Breakfast, *Dining Hall*
- 9:00 Lecture: **Patricia Hampl**, *Little Theatre*
- 10:10 Opening Workshops, *details and locations in tomorrow's Crumb*
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch, *Dining Hall*
- 2:30 Lecture: **Deborah Digges**, *Little Theatre*
- 4:00 Guest Reading: **Maxine Kumin**, *Little Theatre*
- 5:15 Reception, *Library Porch*
- 6:30 Dinner, *Dining Hall*
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **William Kittredge, Kate Phillips**, *Little Theatre*

## ***About Meetings***

All lectures and readings, including readings by special guests, Bread Loaf scholars, administrative staffers, the Wait Staff, and contributors will be held in the Little Theatre. Contributors get a chance at the Bread Loaf podium on Open Mike Nights, a new feature this year, about which we'll provide more information in subsequent issues of *The Crumb*. Meeting locations for all other activities, such as workshops, panels, rehearsals, cocktail parties, etc. will be posted in *The Crumb* in the daily schedule.

We also encourage informal gatherings and will help schedule them, if you drop by the Office with your plans. In the past, there have been group hikes, informal poetry readings, and other such activities spontaneously organized by the Bread Loaf rank and file. The Conference Office will manage all requests for meeting space on a first-come, first-served basis.

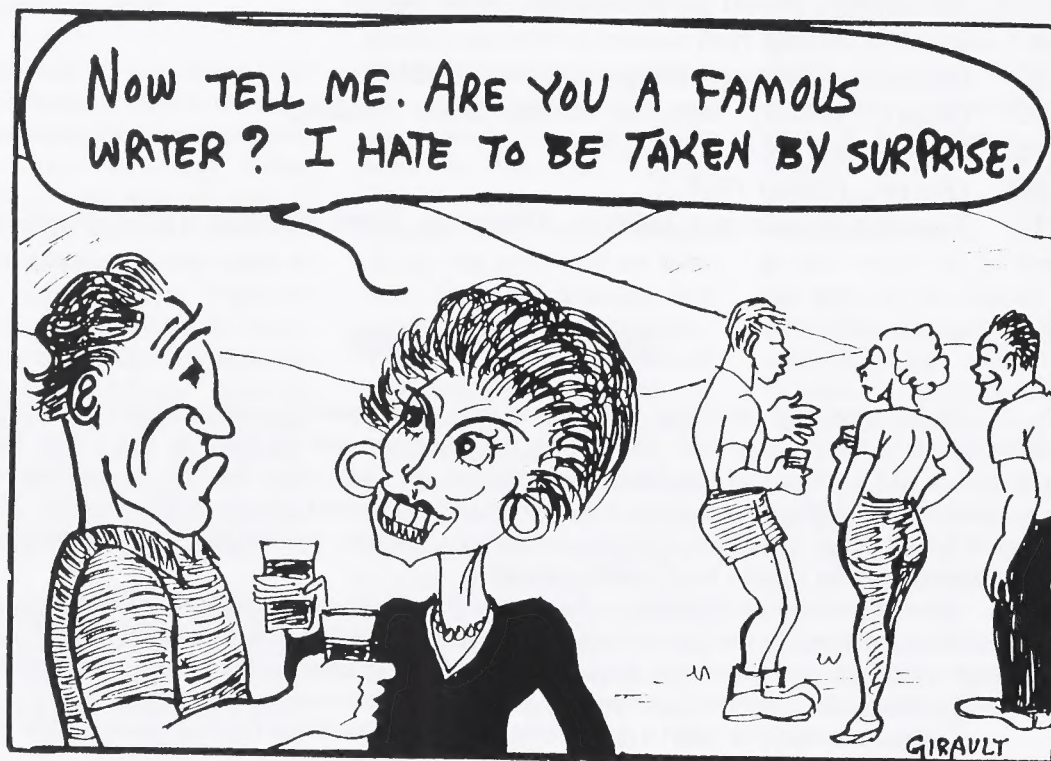
If you are unfamiliar with a designated location, the Front Desk is always able to help.

***Tonight's Readings:***  
***Richard Bausch and Patricia Spears Jones***

The Evening Readings on this first night of the 1996 Bread Loaf Writers' Conference will be given by fiction faculty member Richard Bausch and poetry fellow Patricia Spears Jones. All of our regular readings will feature such faculty/fellow combinations in differing genres.

**Richard Bausch** is the author of seven novels and three collections of stories, including *The Fireman's Wife* and *Rare & Endangered Species* and the novels *Rebel Powers*, *Violence*, and the just-published *Good Evening Mr. & Mrs. America*, and *All the Ships at Sea*. He is Heritage Professor in Writing at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia.

**Patricia Spears Jones** is the author of *The Weather That Kills*, published last year by Coffee House Press, and *Mythologizing Always*, a chapbook. Her work has appeared in *The American Voice*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The World*, *Open Places*, *Callaloo*, *The Black Scholar*, and elsewhere. She lives in Brooklyn, New York.



Cartoon by Norton Girault



## **Lost Manhattan**

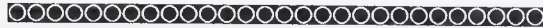
Patricia Spears Jones

*As the rich walk carelessly past the blind,  
past the lame poor whose cupped hands  
and alert stance become sidewalk furniture*

*as each traffic light signals a sharper  
image of speed, then we can*

*torch the building. Then watch light expand  
as the crows return to Tompkins Square.*

*The city shrouds itself in fog, every track collapsed  
like the veins of old junkies as the crackheads dance, so  
quick you think planet dance planet dance  
planet dance.*



In his teens, he had roomed with his grandmother in a small apartment on Mission Street in Point Royal, above the movie theater. She was seventy-nine and beginning to lose her memory. Afternoons of that second spring he was with her, he would come walking back from school -- a boy not quite at home anywhere -- and see her from the end of the block, sunning herself out on the theater marquee as though it were a porch. The windows of the apartment looked out on the roof of the marquee, and on soft, bright afternoons Winnie Barthley liked to sit out there in a wicker chair, with the telephone in the window sill and the cord stretched to the handset at her ear. She would drink iced tea and chat with a neighbor woman -- someone with whom she had gone to boarding school -- about the people his mother had grown up with: marriages, births, business failures, illnesses, divorces, failed reconciliations. It seemed that every one of that generation's children was in some trouble or other, she would say, and wasn't it a sign of something. She could remember so clearly the events of forty and fifty and sixty years ago; last night, this morning, the name of the boy she lived with, escaped her. Connally, walking back from school, could see her there in the distance, perfectly languid and peaceful under the sun, in plain sight of the whole street.....

-- Richard Bausch

From *Violence*





## WORKSHOPS BEGIN TODAY; MAXINE KUMIN VISITS

It's all settled now: the workshop lists are posted and at 10:15 this morning, they will begin, in locations all across Bread Loaf Mountain. A list of workshop locations is posted near the Conference Office and in this issue. Remember, the Front Desk can offer directions to find more exotic locales such as Tamarack or Barn West.

Many interesting speakers will grace the Little Theatre podium today: **Patricia Hampl** and **Deborah Digges** will give lectures at 9 a.m. and 2:30, respectively, and non-fiction faculty member **William Kittredge** and fiction fellow **Kate Phillips** will give the evening readings. But we are especially delighted to welcome our first guest reader today, the poet **Maxine Kumin**, who will begin at 4. Throw in the first rehearsal of the Bread Loaf Singers at 12:15 and the scholars' readings starting at 10 p.m., and you have a fairly ambitious day staring at you.

### Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast
- 9:00 Lecture: **Patricia Hampl**,  
"First Person Singular;"  
*Little Theatre*
- 10:15 Opening Workshops
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf  
Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch
- 2:30 Lecture: **Deborah  
Digges**, "Motion and  
Counter-Motion;" *Theatre*
- 4:00 Guest Reading: **Maxine  
Kumin**, *Little Theatre*
- 5:15 Reception, *Library Porch*
- 6:30 Dinner
- 8:15 Evening Readings:  
**William Kittredge**, **Kate  
Phillips**, *Little Theatre*
- 9:30 Scholars' Readings, *Little  
Theatre*

### Today's Schedule for the Paranoid

- 7:30 Breakfast [Eggs prepared exactly the  
way you most dislike them]
- 9:00 Lecture: **Patricia Hampl** [Eyes narrow  
as you enter late]
- 10:15 Opening Workshops [Your work is  
secretly lampooned while you're in the  
restroom]
- 12:15 Bread Loaf Singers Rehearsal [No one  
tells you you're off-key]
- 1:00 Lunch [The waiters talk about you in  
the kitchen]
- 2:00 Lecture: **Deborah Digges** [Those sitting  
in front of you can smell the onions you  
put on your salad]
- 4:00 Guest Reading: **Maxine Kumin** [who  
won't ever make eye contact with you]
- 5:15 Reception [They "run out" of de-caf  
when you approach]
- 6:00 Dinner [Yours is the portion with the  
extra Tabasco]
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **William Kittredge**,  
**Kate Phillips** [neither of whom thinks  
your praise afterwards is sincere]
- 9:30 Scholars' Readings [After you leave,  
they do a group parody of your work]

## ***The Bread Loaf Late Show***

Tonight at 9:30 in the Little Theatre, the first of seven late night readings gets underway, with readings by the 1996 Bread Loaf scholars: Kevin Craft, Olena Kaltyiak Davis, Norton Girault, Rachel Hall, Anne Hull, Nancy Lord, Dan Orozco, Leslie Pietrzyk, Browning Porter, Katrina Roberts, Jane Satterfield, Joseph M. Schuster, Beth Sulit, Mark Wunderlich, and Monica Youn. Tomorrow night: the first of three Open Mike readings, a new feature in this year's conference. On Monday, the Wait Staff has its first night, followed by Open Mike night on Tuesday, the Administrative Staffers Wednesday, Open Mike again on Thursday, and another night of readings by the Wait Staff on August 23.

Sign-up sheets for the three Open Mike nights are posted by the Conference Office: first sign, first read. Any contributor not already scheduled for another night's reading may sign up. Each reader at all seven of these late night readings is given five minutes of podium time: please make sure your material fits. Most nights, the Bread Loaf Late Show will run about 90 minutes and, as past years have shown, will feature some of the conference's freshest and most original work.

## ***Readings, Lectures, Panels, Classes, Workshops***

We got 'em all. Getting confused? Faculty, fellows, and special guests give readings afternoons at 4 and evenings at 8:15. Faculty will also give lectures most mornings at 9 and occasionally at 2:30. Panels and classes, led by faculty, fellows, and special guests, are often scheduled at 2:30 and some other specially-announced times. Like the lectures and readings, these are open to everyone, though we may have to limit the number of participants to some of the classes, due to space. The workshops are restricted to those who are assigned to them and convene at 10:15,

according to the schedule in your packet.

Today's lectures are by Patricia Hampl and Deborah Digges. Patricia Hampl will speak on "First Person Singular: Narrative Voice and Autobiographical Writing." Deborah Digges describes her lecture, "Motion and Counter-Motion" as "an investigation into the white noise of late twentieth-century narrative poetry." Hampl at 9; Digges at 2:30.

## ***BreadNet Courses Offered***

Sign-up sheets are being posted near the Conference Office for two special sessions of particular interest to those Bread Loafers who like to surf the 'Net. Starting tomorrow, Caroline Eisner, who runs the Apple Cellar, will teach a special session there called:

### ***Introduction to Joining BreadNet***

*Fri/Sat • Aug. 16-17: 10 - 11*

*One hour course, offered twice*

BreadNet, created twelve years ago by the Bread Loaf School of English as a telecommunications network for its students, graduates, faculty, and staff, now includes the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference community. Look for an article in tomorrow's *Crumb* for a more complete description of the network's purpose and objectives.

Robert Lagerman, who is the telecommunications coordinator for Middlebury College's summer programs, will be here for:

### ***How to Create Your Own Home Page on BreadNet***

*Thurs/Fri • Aug. 22-23: 10 - 11*

*One hour course, offered twice*

You are asked to sign up now on the sheets outside Carol's office for either of these sessions. All of these classes will be held in the Apple Cellar of Davison Library.

THE FRONT DESK REMINDS YOU....to keep speeds slow on all campus roads, so none of our poets have to compose requiems.



## Workshop Locations

Barrett: *Blue Parlor* ■ Bausch: *Library upstairs 1* ■ Desai: *Library main floor* ■ Digges: *Barn East* ■ Doty: *Barn West* ■ Hampl: *Barn Classroom 6* ■ Hongo: *Barn Classroom 2* ■ Howard: *Library upstairs 2* ■ Kittredge: *Inn seminar room* ■ Komunyakaa: *Barn Classroom 1* ■ Lamott: *Treman living room* ■ Livesey: *Milk house* ■ Mallon: *Inn lobby* ■ McHugh: *Barn classroom 3* ■ McKnight: *Theatre* ■ Phillips: *Tamarack living room* ■ Shapiro: *Barn classroom 4* ■ Spencer: *Frothingham living room* ■ Twichell: *Barn classroom 5*

Please note that all fiction workshops will relocate after today. Saturday's *Crumb* will have the new locations. Poetry and non-fiction workshops will keep today's assigned space throughout the conference.

## Today's Readers

Maxine Kumin reads at 4 o'clock today. She is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, a novelist, and essayist. Poetry collections include *Connecting the Dots*, *Looking for Luck*, and *The Long Approach*. She's also published *Women, Animals, and Vegetables: Essays and Stories* and *In Deep: Country Essays*.

William Kittredge, nonfiction faculty, shares the podium at 8:15. He is the author of the memoir *Hole in the Sky* and two collections of essays, *Owning it All* and *Who Owns the West*. He has also published two collections of short fiction. A native Oregonian, he now teaches at the University of Montana.

Kate Phillips, fiction fellow, also reads at 8:15. A native of California and a graduate of Dartmouth, she is the author of *White Rabbit*, a novel.

## The Bread Loaf Miscellany

■ Anyone interested in joining the Bread Loaf Singers is welcome to attend our first rehearsal, right after the workshops, at 12:15 in the Blue Parlor. No experience necessary. ■ *The Crumb* invites submissions, especially masthead designs and cartoons. So far, I've reused old mastheads of mine but would love something new. Norton Girault, whose cartoons graced our first issue, will likely appear again, but cartoons from others about Life on the Hill are also welcome. Just leave them in the box marked *The Crumb* outside of Carol's office. ■ Since yesterday's *Crumb* went to press, Kristen Henderson moved from bookstore staff to social staff. Joining Heather Best in the bookstore is Jaime Grechika. Chin Ho Chong and Ted Howard are both audio-visual techies: Chin will run audio; Ted will shoot video. No word yet on who gets to ring the bell. ■ If you have any maintenance requests, you should fill out a work order at the front desk. If it's an emergency or the front desk is closed, contact Victoria or Ed Brown at Ext. 13. ■ Speaking of Ed, he'll be taking pictures of the workshops on Friday and Saturday. ■ Don't forget about the parking ban on Vermont 125. ■ Quote of the Day, a long standing Bread Loaf tradition, will continue, with a little luck. Sometimes, subliminal clues are embedded in the *Crumb's* text and headlines, but not always. The author to be identified is someone who's been to Bread Loaf either as student, faculty, or special guest. A point is given for each correct answer written down and left in *The Crumb's* box, and at the end of the conference, the person with the highest tally wins a book of their choice from the bookstore. So, to be direct about it, here's the first quote, to your right:

The Sunday morning passengers dispersed rapidly as Andrew got off the train and came through the station. Traffic was thin, and he saw Connie at once, parked in her usual illegal comfort almost opposite the station door. He hurried across to her, his bag pulling at his arm, feeling the grin on his face. It was hard to hold back, hard not to burst out as soon as he came within earshot, "I got it, Connie, I got it." But there was a kind of constraint about meeting after an absence; people had to fumble toward each other, spar a little, grope back toward a resumption of intimacy. The cable was interrupted. To splice it took time but afterward it would be as strong as ever.

Ruth wore two watches. One was studded with diamonds -- a gift from Hale. It lost several minutes a day, sometimes hesitating at the half hour, sometimes even clicking backward a notch or two, but Ruth worked hard to keep it running on time. She never took it off -- never. Even before bathing, she was careful to wrap a plastic sandwich baggie around it, securing the bag with a pair of thick rubber bands. It was this old diamond watch she consulted for the purpose of telling time. The other, from Save-On across the highway, had cost her five dollars. She wore it under her sleeve, out of sight, using it only as a gauge by which to adjust the precious watch from Hale. The cheapie meant nothing to her: a nuisance more than anything, the first item she removed before retiring each night. It was one of those new digital gadgets with lots of fancy displays and buttons, like some silly computer game, the numbers blinking and flashing and zipping around as if they had their own crazy agenda. Ruth lived in vague but relentless terror that she would accidentally hit the wrong button, making it stick forever on Date or Second.

-- Kate Phillips

From *White Rabbit*

### *Trickery*

Sometime in the early 1880s a medical doctor named Israel Wood Powell, superintendent for Indian Affairs for Coastal Indians in British Columbia, collected a raven rattle from the Tshimshian Indians. He sent the rattle to The American Museum of Natural History in New York City, where it remains.

It is a percussive musical instrument, used in elaborate ceremonial dances, a simple rattle like the ones we all shook in childhood. Except that this one is carved into the form of a mythological raven caught in the act of stealing the sun back from captivity, carrying the little red ball of the sun in his mouth, preparing to spit it home into the heavens again.

This is a striking idea, but not half so remarkable as the beings we see riding on the raven, a human figure reclining back in a posture of sexual openness, and a frog crouching over, as if preparing to mount, and their tongues.

Or tongue. Red and slender, and arcing, it is a single tongue reaching from human to frog, and frog to human. It is all the same in this vision, in which we share tongues with the animals in some perfect sexuality while our trickster raven redeploys the sun, as in *raven brought the light*. The unknown person who made that rattle is a glory to our species.

See, that raven rattle says, this is how we are, inextricably one with everything, however tricked, riding in fact on the back of trickiness itself.

-- William Kittredge

From *Ploughshares*

The spaghetti went down like worms. It was November. A cold rain slanted into the canyons of Manhattan. Every time the steamy front door of the Trattoria Aldo was opened, Wally looked up furtively.

-- Maxine Kumin

From "The Cassandra Effect," *Colorado Review*



## Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast
- 9:00 Lecture: **Anne Lamott**,  
"How I Get a Little Work Done  
Every Day In Spite of It All"
- 9:50 Poetry and Nonfiction  
Workshops
- 10:00 **Carol Houck Smith**  
informal appointments
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf  
Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch
- 2:30 Panel: "The Lives of the  
Poets," *Little Theatre*  
Fiction classes: **Richard  
Bausch, Julian  
Anderson, Jesse Lee  
Kercheval**
- 4:00 Afternoon Readings:  
**Chase Twichell, Jesse Lee  
Kercheval, Little Theatre**
- 6:30 Dinner
- 8:15 Evening Readings:  
**Maureen Howard, Karen  
Volkman, Little Theatre**
- 9:30 Coffee Reception, *Barn*
- 10:15 Open Mike Readings,  
*Little Theatre*

## Today's Schedule for Followers of Gordon Lish

- 7:30 Limp apron strings. Bacon eruptions.  
Dark, acrid caffeine mirror.
- 9:00 Lumbar agony returns. **Anne Lamott's**  
lips tantalize the phallic microphone.
- 9:50 Staple wounds. Manuscript stigmata.  
Bull and dozing.
- 12:15 The Greek chorus wailed its despair.
- 1:00 Relief. Let us pray. Tomb ate old.
- 2:30 Father knows best. Authority figures in  
decline. Do what I say or I will  
humiliate you. Repeat after me: *but  
Gordon says....*
- 4:00 No one saw me slip the magazine be-  
tween the covers. **Chase Twichell** and  
**Jesse Lee Kercheval** were doing their  
book reports. A saliva salvation as I  
stared at the flesh on the printed page.
- 6:30 In the summer in the late afternoon light,  
when the dining hall would be full, in  
clusters of forced conversation, four  
and five and six, discretely critiquing,  
avoiding eye contact with bad experien-  
ces from the night before, smirkingly skew-  
ering the roommate's failings, crumpled  
bowls of uneaten salad at their finger-  
tips, trying to remember the waiter's  
name and genre, evaluating potentials  
for the Saturday dance, it would not oc-  
cur to them, not then, not ever, no, they  
would remain blissfully unaware of the  
precise combination, the actual arcane  
numerology of the Ripton zip code.
- 8:15 Chiropractic torture. Under the glare of

the inquisition light, squints from **Maureen Howard** and **Karen Volkman**. The interroga-  
tors sitting mutely, swatting mosquitos, sweating profusely, until the pungent collective  
overwhelms this search for truth or blasphemy.

10:15 Lower down the literary food chain. A chance to size up dinner partners without actually  
talking to them. Approachable, within reach, these open veins offer up to us everything  
inside them. And their best shirts and earrings.

## Sign-up Sheets

You may have seen these strange queues snaking around the corridor to the conference office and wondered what these people were waiting for. Today, all is revealed: they were making informal appointments with campus visitors, such as Carol Houck Smith, senior editor and vice-president at W.W. Norton & Co., who will be meeting those with appointments today and tomorrow in the Library upstairs. Janet Silver, senior editor at Houghton Mifflin, will be available for meetings at the same location on Sunday and Monday. All available appointment times with these two individuals are now taken, but there are a few openings for next week's visitors, if you'll stop by the conference office and enquire. These meetings are probably most useful to writers who have manuscripts ready -- or nearly ready -- to submit for publication. And please be understanding of the long lines: this is a new feature of Bread Loaf this year and our hardworking office staff has had to accommodate this into their already busy schedule of duties.

People have also been signing up for classes, three of which will be held today at 2:30 at the locations indicated below:

- Richard Bausch will teach "Failing the Art of Exposition," using as departure points, two stories: Henry James' "The Beast in the Jungle" and Anton Chekhov's "Gusev." This will be held in Barn West.
- Julian Anderson leads a session entitled "Treating the Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat: A discussion of strategies by which we might pinpoint sensation." This convenes at Barn Classroom 1.
- Jesse Lee Kercheval discusses "Writing a first novel: Structural differences between short fiction and longer works" in Barn Classroom 2.

As of this writing, there were still some openings in these classes, but check the lists in Carol's office before you make the trek.

## The Bread Loaf Miscellany

■ **The Five-Minute Hook:** The Bread Loaf Late Show continues this evening with Open Mike Night at 10:15. Check the sign-up sheet for more details. ■ **The Five-Thirty Cheese:** Fellows, scholars, and administrative staffers are hereby reminded of picture taking at Treman at 5:30 today. ■ **The Five O'Clock Deadline:** Sunday's Writer's Cramp Footrace needs an organizer. A volunteer must appear before Carol Knauss by 5 p.m. today or the race will be scratched. ■ **"One-Three-FIVE-Three-One"** is sung daily at 12:15 as the Bread Loaf Singers warm up. It's not too late to *join* up! ■ **Subliminal Clue #1:** There's a certain number of letters in the last name of today's Quote of the Day author, but we're not going to tell you how many. ■ **Oh, no, not another rejection slip:** *The Crumb* regrets it cannot print your poems, parodies, and other writings (see Noah's Flood, Niagara Falls, Johnstown, Pa., *et al.*) We would, however, love to have your cartoons, sketches, and *Crumb* mastheads. ■ **First meeting of Bread Loaf Alcoholics Anonymous:** Friday Happy Hour at 5:30 in Birch Room 12 (or leave a message for Annie in 2261) ■ **At least it's not a sign-up sheet:** A lot of you haven't filled out your blue registration card, which is the final word on how your name appears on the address list we'll be giving out. Carol needs this by noon today. Don't forget, too, to hand in your meal preference form at the Front Desk for next Saturday's fête. ■ **And the bans played on:** You're still parking on Vermont 125, even after we asked you so nicely not to. The troopers won't be as charming as we've been. Also remember not to smoke on the front porch of the Inn, except over by the Blue Parlor. ■ **The Bread Loaf Cinema:** This Saturday at 9:30 in the Little Theatre, Robert Altman's *Short Cuts* will be screened, required viewing for Sunday's film panel at 10:15. The screenplay is based on the works of Raymond Carver. ■



## THE BREAD LOAF CLASSIFIEDS

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MASSAGE THERAPY SESSIONS available Tuesday and Thursday from Pat Schmitter, a nationally certified massage therapist. \$30/half-hour; \$45/hr. Sign up sheet (of course) posted at Cornwall.

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LIVE-IN FARM HELP wanted by active retired couple w/4 riding/driving horses on 170 New Hampshire acres. Rough carpentry, mechanical skills useful. Prior horse experience a plus. Separate apartment suitable for 1-2 persons. Write: 40 Harriman Lane, Warner, NH 03278

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WANTED: HAIR BRAIDER. Reg McKnight is looking for someone who can braid his daughter's hair. "I'll pay top dollar." Leave a note in Reg's box if you're interested.

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PICK YOUR PIX: Group photos of faculty, fellows, scholars, and administrative staffers can be ordered from the Conference Office for \$7.50 each. Workshop photos can be ordered from the Front Desk for the same price.

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WANTED: BASSES AND BARITONES! Inquire Blue Parlor, 12:15 p.m. We have 25 singers, but only two basses! WE COULD ALSO USE A PIANO PLAYER! The Bread Loaf Singers

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All those who have enjoyed the poetry of LESLEY DAUER, a past Administrative Staffer who unfortunately couldn't join us this summer, will be happy to know that her book *The Fragile City* has won the Blue Stem First Book Award and will be published by them in the fall.

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## Quote of the Day

Nobody guessed yesterday's author, former Bread Loaf director Theodore Morrison, so today's author has been on the faculty here much more recently:

Before a cry can leave my throat,  
he crosses his thin-drawn lips with a finger,  
as if we were about to share a secret.  
And pulling my T-shirt up  
over the buds of my breasts -- not yet  
warranting support by anything more  
than my fervent wishes --

he covers one nipple  
with his mouth -- changing me as if by magic --  
making it round and hard as glass. I am held  
by the spell of his tongue on my skin,  
poised for flight  
like a marble at thumb's tip.

## More about BreadNet

Although a computer network, BreadNet functions most effectively as a network of people; its technology facilitating discussion between people by overcoming restrictions of space and time. It's so much more than a simple bulletin board server or an Internet listserv. For example, the Bread Loaf School of English has used it for ongoing collaborative writing projects ranging from multi-classroom readings of Anne Frank to discussions about Native American texts. BreadNet has grown to become a virtual community of people sharing ideas and aspirations.

BreadNet can be accessed by virtually any type of computer, with an extremely user-friendly interface that even the most stubborn technophobe can manage. Accounts are given out, free of charge, to any member of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference who requests one. Today and tomorrow at 10, Caroline Eisner will teach introductory sessions on BreadNet. If you can't make those times, she can also arrange a private tutorial.

## Today's Readers and Panelists

Today's Poetry Panel at 2:30, "The Lives of the Poets," will be moderated by Mark Wunderlich, with panelists Deborah Digges, Garrett Hongo, Patricia Spears-Jones, and Michael Collier.

The afternoon readings will be given by poet Chase Twichell and fiction fellow Jesse Lee Kercheval. Chase has published four volumes of poetry, *The Ghost of Eden*, *Perdido*, *The Odds*, and *Northern Spy*, and her work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Nation*, and *Antaeus*. She is a lecturer in creative writing at Princeton. Jesse Lee was born in France, grew up in Florida, and now teaches at the University of Wisconsin. Her story collection, *The Dogeater*, won the 1987 AWP Award in Short Fiction.

This evening's readers are novelist Maureen Howard and poetry fellow Karen Volkman. Maureen has published six novels, including *Bridgeport Bus* and *Natural History*, a memoir, *Facts of Life*, and poetry. She currently teaches at Columbia University. Karen won the 1995 National Poetry Series Award with *Crash's Law*, judged and selected by Heather McHugh. She lives in Brooklyn, New York.

## Corporate Geese

When the big corporations began to build  
their black glass palaces among the cow fields  
of Princeton, New Jersey,

the hoof-chopped turf and muddy ponds  
rippled for a moment in the heat waves  
pushed by the bulldozers,

and then resolved themselves  
into lakes and lawns, pure green slopes

on which executives could practice  
their golf strokes during the hours  
reserved for the health club and lunch.

And there was water gleaming in shapes  
determined by experts to be  
aesthetically pleasing, or tranquillizing,

or suggestive of the corporate logo.

These rival Edens lay on the flyway  
of the Canada geese. The first year,

the ragged V's stopped on their way  
south, landing on the clean new mirrors  
beside the fresh squares of sod,

under which huge heating ducts criss-crossed,

melting the first snow as it fell, and making  
a grid of shining grass, permanently green.

The geese stayed on, and more came.  
Cars stopped to watch the vast flocks

preening and paddling, flying short aimless  
missions over the town, squadrons  
of gray-brown bombers landing and taking off,  
the faraway north in their dog-voices.

On the corporate lawns, the slimy  
cylindrical droppings began to accumulate,

clogging the mowers in spring—"organic  
but non-nutritive," said the town paper--

and put an end to the mid-day golfing.

Various kinds of lights and noises  
had no effect, and talk of poison and humane  
relocation caused a public outcry.

People liked to see the shy goslings  
herded by their clearly mated and protective  
parents, families not unlike their own.

So on they stayed, hundreds in each paradise:

Merck Pharmaceuticals, Cosmair, FMC,  
Johnson & Johnson, Proctor & Gamble,

Merrill Lynch, the Princeton Plasma Lab.

We've lost our way, said the geese  
in their muted barking. Something in nature's

gone wrong, wrong. They said it  
over and over, but no one heard them.

It sounded like squabbling, or mild outrage.

Teeming in their artificial south,  
they gorged on breadcrumbs from the hand  
of the future,

where their querulous voices  
vanished in the hush of the wild grass

and the rain fell on dead cars,  
the trackless contoured fields,

and, rising from a slag of black jewels,  
the great steel skeletons

scrawled with the tags and logos of the dead,  
picked clean by the locusts of their own creation.

**Chase Twitchell**

*From Black Warrior Review*

The banging woke Odile. The booms were joined by the sound of her heart  
pounding, the cannon fire she heard in her dreams. Downstairs, the geese set up  
a terrible racket. Someone was beating on the front door. Odile sat up slowly. She  
put her feet on the floor, stood up. After three weeks in bed, it wasn't easy. She'd  
gone to bed the day Roland left and stayed there. She'd told herself it was to save  
her strength until Roland sent for her, but actually life just seemed like too much  
work all of a sudden. The last thing she'd done was to bring the geese inside, into  
the kitchen, so she wouldn't have to go down every morning and night to feed  
them. In the kitchen, they fed themselves from open sacks of grain, growing fatter  
as she grew thinner. Now, the honking from down below doubled and redoubled  
in intensity, the geese straining themselves with the effort. Odile felt herself getting  
angry. She yanked back the thick blanket she had hung over the bedroom window  
and leaned out. The morning light was blinding. ¶ "What fuck is this?" she yelled  
out the window in her bluntest Alsatian. "An old woman can't die in peace?"

**Jesse Lee Kercheval**

*From The Museum of Happiness*

On this lonesome Saturday at the end of August, another summer slipped away  
forever and what have I got? A numb, clean life; a numb, clean roommate. I sense  
that I may become one of those all-right-looking girls you see at their daiquiri  
lunches or skimming through the dress racks on the budget floor. Sometimes,  
they're at the theatre or in let's pretend foreign restaurants with all-right-looking  
men, wearing new clothes and their made-up lives. But if you watch them as they  
look at a painting you can tell by their shoes or their eyes -- there is always  
something that gives them away -- that they live in clean apartments where nothing  
goes on. They look at the painting as though they want to *remember* it, for God's  
sake! They have a reason for going to the ballet; it's on the laundry list to be  
checked off.

**Maureen Howard**

*From Bridgeport Bus*

## From Shore

The ocean goes, for fat miles.  
When are we leaving? ask the children  
as it swells and falls.  
Such striving and failing  
delights the amorous idiots at the railing  
as they tinkle cocktails on languorous ships.

The sea's advice to the lovelorn:  
*Obsession is tedium.*  
But how to ration  
the pragmatic *tabula* of the sand  
and all the warnings of a difficult season  
to you, who grew up inland.

**Karen Volkman**

*From Crash's Law*



# THE CRUMB

Meathead art contributed by an unidentified Bread Loafster

Volume 71 • Issue Number 4

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Saturday, August 17, 1996

## TONIGHT: HONGO . MAYO . DISCO!



Poet Garrett Hongo and fiction fellow C.M. Mayo get tonight's festivities off to a great start with an evening reading at 8:15. Afterwards, everyone wanders off to prepare for one of several We-Deserve-It entertainment options brought to you tonight by The Bread Loaf Late Show, each beginning at 10: A Dance in the Barn, with guest DJ Hugh Coyle....a showing of the movie *Short Cuts* in the Little Theatre, and the *Blue Parlor Mixers*, a BYOB gathering in the more refined ambience of that part of the Inn (ice and mixers provided). Throw in the moon, the stars, and absolutely perfect weather, and the night is yours forever!

## Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast
- 9:00 Lecture: **Alan Shapiro**, "In Awkward Reverence"  
**Carol Houck Smith**  
informal appointments
- 9:50 Fiction Workshops [*Note new locations!*]
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch
- 2:30 Poetry classes: **Mark Doty**, **Barbara Jordan**, **Patricia Spears-Jones**  
Fiction classes: **Reginald McKnight**, **Brooks Hansen**, **Charles Wyatt**
- 4:00 Afternoon Readings: **Thomas Mallon**, **Jesse Lee Kercheval**, *Little Theatre*
- 6:30 Dinner
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **Garrett Hongo**, **C.M. Mayo**, *Little Theatre*
- 10:00 Dance, *Barn*  
Movie, *Little Theatre*  
Mixers, *Blue Parlor*

## Today's Schedule for the Meteorologically Preoccupied

- 7:30 Low pressure system passes through in the early morning hours, which will slow up the morning rush; 100% chance of coffee.
- 9:00 Morning fog begins to clear away in the vicinity of **Alan Shapiro** and **Carol Houck Smith**.
- 9:50 Occasional thunderstorms [*in new locations*].
- 12:15 Partly sunny, with a 20% chance of arpeggios.
- 1:00 Rising temperatures, especially around chafing dishes.
- 2:30 Wind gusts out of the south to 40 mph in the vicinity of **Mark Doty**, **Barbara Jordan**, **Patricia Spears Jones**, **Reginald McKnight**, **Brooks Hansen**, **Charles Wyatt**.
- 4:00 A tropical depression intensifies and begins moving rapidly across **Thomas Mallon** and **Jesse Lee Kercheval** in the late afternoon.
- 6:30 Flood warnings are posted around the iced tea pitchers following tonight's chili temperatures.
- 8:15 Hurricane-force winds expected near **Garrett Hongo** and **C.M. Mayo**. *El Niño* expected in the sky over *El Nido*. Chance of volcanic activity.
- 10:00 A tornado watch is in effect from 10 p.m. until well into Sunday morning. Barometric readings are expected to drop dramatically, or was that inhibitions?

### Poetry Classes:

- Mark Doty**: "Broken and More Broken: Thinking about Fragmentation and Form" • *Barn West*
- Barbara Jordan**: "Moving Beyond a Poetic Impasse: An Exploration of Modes of Connection" • *Barn Classroom 3*
- Patricia Spears Jones**: "Who Speaks in a Poem" • *Barn Classroom 4*

### Fiction Classes:

- Reginald McKnight**: "When I Say Point of View, Abner, I Don't Mean 'Opinion'" • *Barn Classroom 2*
- Brooks Hansen**: "The Use of the Imagination: Dissolving the Cardinal Rule of Contemporary Fiction" • *Barn Classroom 5*
- Charles Wyatt**: "To Show or to Tell: The Devices Authors Use to Achieve Their Effects (Using Musical Analogies)" • *Barn Classroom 6*

### New Fiction Workshop Locations:

- Barrett**: *Barn East*
- Bausch**: *Barn West*
- Desai**: *Barn Classroom 1*
- Howard**: *Barn Classroom 2*
- Lamott**: *Barn Classroom 5*
- Livesey**: *Barn Classroom 6*
- Mallon**: *Inn Seminar Room*
- McKnight**: *Library Upstairs*
- Phillips**: *Barn Classroom 3*
- Spencer**: *Barn Classroom 4*



## ***The Bread Loaf Miscellany***

■ **Footrace Organizer Found:** Sunday's race is on, thanks to Aimee Piotrowski, who not only volunteered to organize things but wrote an article for *The Crumb* about it. She also designed a masthead which will appear tomorrow, sings with the Bread Loaf Singers, and is an all-around swell person. ■ **Picnic Plans Pending:** Sunday's picnic at the Robert Frost Cabin can be reached on foot by walking 1.5 miles, but we'll also be arranging transportation for those of you not wishing to make that long a hike. For further information, consult tomorrow's *Crumb*. If you have wheels and can offer rides, consult Carol Knauss. ■ **Best Wishes to Ethan Canin:** On the recent birth of his first child. ■ **Sign of the Times:** A signature book is being created by Martha Clark in the Conference Office for Bread Loaf '96. Martha would like everyone's autograph, so please stop by and add yours to the book. ■ **Texas Falls or Bust:** The Front Desk is organizing two outings to Texas Falls, a lovely waterfall and nature trail area located a few miles east. This is not to be confused with the hikes up Bread Loaf Mountain being organized early next week: Texas Falls does not require any hiking or special footgear, and the trails are clearly marked with gravel (this is a self-led activity).

Transportation and a bag lunch will be provided, with departure from the Inn at 11 sharp and pick-ups at Texas Falls at 1:30, returning to the Inn a bit before 2: Thursday, for those not in fiction workshops; Friday, for those not in poetry and nonfiction workshops. Sign-up sheet (natch!) at the Front Desk.

### ***Running from Something?***

Then you'll feel right at home in the annual Bread Loaf Writers' Cramp Footrace! Join us at the Inn tomorrow at 10 a.m. for a quick sprint to Frost Cabin and back (of course you can do it: it's less than three miles.) Run for the ultimate glory of a free Bread Loaf T-shirt, walk for the fun and exercise, or cheer on the competitors from one of the handy Adirondack chairs along the route: it's up to you. What's in it for you? Cardiovascular fitness, prestige, product endorsements... and a T-shirt if you're the first-place runner or walker in your category (male or female). Runners-up get a free set of spare batteries for their flashlights. Sign up (surprise, surprise) on the bulletin board outside the Blue Parlor before 6 p.m. today if you'd like to compete. Want to volunteer on race day? See me in Larch 10 or leave a message at the Front Desk. Lycra shorts and Team USA windbreakers are preferred, but by no means required. -- Aimee Piotrowski

## ***Today's Readers***

Fiction faculty member Thomas Mallon reads this afternoon with fiction fellow Jesse Lee Kercheval. He's the author of the novels *Henry and Clara*, *Aurora 7*, and *Arts and Sciences*, and, in nonfiction, *Rockets and Rodeos* and *A Book of One's Own*. He has taught at Vassar and served as the literary editor for *GQ*. She's the author of the story collection *The Dogeater* and the novel *The Museum of Happiness*.

Garrett Hongo has published two poetry collections, *Yellow Light* and *The River of Heaven*, and the memoir *Volcano: A Memoir of Hawai'i*. He teaches English and creative writing at the University of Oregon. Reading with him tonight is fiction fellow C.M. Mayo, author of *Sky Over El Nido*, which won the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction. Born in Texas and raised in California, she has lived in Mexico City for the last ten years.

### ***Apology to Liza Weiland***

*The Crumb* regrets that the Friday afternoon fellow's reading was misattributed. Liza Weiland is the author of *Discovering America* (stories) and *The Names of the Lost* (novel). She is also a published poet. Because Jesse Lee Kercheval's work ran in her place yesterday, a selection from Liza's work appears today on the next page. Sorry for the mixup.

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### Quote of the Day

Are you at the end of your rope with this contest? Is your literary self-esteem hanging by a thread? Are you all collectively frustrated that you couldn't identify frequent Bread Loaf faculty member **Judith Ortiz Cofer** in yesterday's quote? Well -- and this is the Gospel truth -- you're bound to have better luck today:

Out here, dwarfed by mountains and a sky of fires  
And round rocks, in the academy of revelations  
Which gets smaller every year, we have come

To see ourselves as less and do not like  
Shows of abundance, descriptions we cannot believe,  
When a simple still life--roses in an azure bowl--does fine.

=====

I'd never have believed a girl like Eileen Neal could fall in love with a boy like B.T. Washington Kemp, in a town like Atlanta, Georgia, but she did, and fast, like she wanted it to have already happened before anybody caught on and made a move to stop her. In the end she stopped herself, but not in time. And she didn't stop me, though I think she knew she couldn't. Eileen and I, like most of the girls we grew up with, have long histories of secret love. We all learned early to dissemble, to digress, to live for the cover of darkness. We might call you on the phone, just to hear your voice, then hang up without speaking a word. We would never wear our hearts on our sleeves or give out our names to strangers, and so I will not give you mine.

-- **Liza Weiland**  
From "Who It Really Was"

Rutherford B. Hayes -- "His Fraudulency" to Henry Rathbone and millions of others -- was sworn in on March 5, 1877, after the Electoral Commission declared he'd won the presidential election with fewer popular votes than Governor Tilden had received. "Mr. Evarts's silver tongue serves some peculiar causes," said Henry. "But he does seem to get his way." The man Thurlow Weed had had to ditch for Ira Harris back in '61 won the day for the Republicans with his argument before the commission, just as two years ago his speech to a Brooklyn jury had saved Henry Ward Beecher from conviction. There had

been jokes in '75 about how he might expect eternal salvation as his fee, but there was nothing speculative about the reward this time: William Evarts was the new secretary of state.

-- **Thomas Mallon**  
From *Henry and Clara*

What I wanted, the city could not give me. I wanted *mercy*. I wanted the universe to bend down and kiss its own creation, like a parent does a child just after it's born, as if a tenderness were the purest expression of the world for itself. I wanted to believe that what was not given could be given, that were a man or a woman to cry out for solace, the world, for all of its steel plants and tire factories, for all of its liquor stores and razor wire--for all of that, it would still lay its soft wings of blessing upon you if you cried out in need.

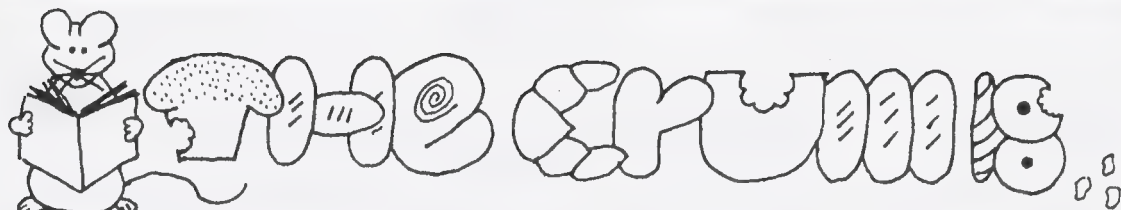
-- **Garrett Hongo**  
From *Volcano: A Memoir of Hawai'i*

The Maya live in white plastered huts, thatched-roofed, dark little boxes. A cross between County Rye and the Kalahari, he thinks, speeding down the narrow two-lane highway. His rented black sedan arrows through a village, then open country, low scrub. Another village, he downshifts. Children sit on a stoop, dogs pant in the clay-colored dust. Squat women in white sack dresses eye the car warily. Flashes of red, rose, jungle green. A bare-chested man butchers a pig. Its squealing fades like the rattle in the car's air-conditioning. Past a knot of palms: a cathedral, vaulted chambers stretching, Ecce Homo, towards the very center of the dome of the afternoon sky.

He is Albert Andrade. This is Neptune, with televisions. There: he can see a green cathode flickering. There, whiz by, bicycle, roadside papaya stand, under the hammock--in there! --chickens scratching, open country, low scrub. Eiko holds out her hand, saffron, thin-fingered. A claw, Albert senses in the corner of his mind, speckled with black and yellow capsules. "Just take one," she says. "You'll want two." She has a laugh like a piccolo. "Later you'll need three." He takes four, a swig of Diet Coke, shifts into fifth. Low scrub, open country.

-- **C.M. Mayo**  
From "O"





Volume 71 • Issue Number 5

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sunday, August 18, 1996

Today's masthead by Aimee Piotrowski

Editor: Al Hudgins

### *Today's Schedule*

- 7:30 Breakfast  
9:00 **Geri Thoma** informal appointments  
10:00 Writers' Cramp Foot Race, *Inn*  
10:15 Discussion Panel, "Literature and Film," **Ted Perry, Don Mitchell, Scott Spencer, Little Theatre**  
1:00 Picnic Lunch, *Frost Cabin*  
4:00 Afternoon Readings: **Margo Livesey, Michael Collier, Sara Mansfield Taber, Little Theatre**  
5:00 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*  
6:30 Dinner  
8:15 Evening Readings: **Anita Desai, Barbara Jordan, Little Theatre**

### *Today's Schedule for the Unbearably Cheerful*

- 7:30 Isn't it simply great to be alive? Isn't this breakfast delicious? Are you sure you're supposed to be that shade of green? Well, it *does* harmonize agreeably with that lovely yellow paint that makes things so perky around here.
- 9:00 No, honestly, it's quite all right that I couldn't get an appointment with **Geri Thoma**. Please tell me more about how large an advance she thought she could get you for your lovely book.
- 10:00 Was that *my* foot you just ran over? I was so busy composing my ode to spandex I didn't even *notice*.
- 10:15 But I *don't* understand why **Ted Perry, Don Mitchell, and Scott Spencer** won't even *consider* discussing the contributions **Demi Moore** has made.
- 1:00 Oh, how pleasant to have this nice picnic outdoors. I still have so much skin left that *hasn't* been punctured by those mischievous little mosquitos.
- 4:00 I know we should be listening to **Margo Livesey, Michael Collier, and Sara Mansfield Taber**, but do you *really* think someone honestly *intended* to line up those potted plants like that?
- 5:00 Don't you think *fa la la* just about sums it all up?
- 6:30 What do they mean "bad karma is better than no karma at all?" And just who *is* Uncle Bert?
- 8:15 Don't you just wonder how **Anita Desai and Barbara Jordan** can even allow their work to *touch* furniture that has gone *that long* without polish?
- 12:00 What are all of you doing forming your circle around *me*? I thought we were supposed to stand around the bonfire. And what does the temperature of **Johnson's Pond** have to do with the price of eggs?

## ***Picnic today at the Robert Frost Cabin***

A mile west of here on Vermont 125 and about a half-mile up a dirt road stands a cabin that Robert Frost used for many years. The cabin and its grounds will be open today at 1 p.m. during a picnic lunch for the entire Bread Loaf Writers' Conference community. Miraculously, you *don't have to sign up* for this event. However, if you would find a round trip walk of nearly three miles to be too strenuous, we will be offering a shuttle service from the front of the Inn, beginning at 12:30. If you have a car and can offer rides, please let the Conference Office or the Front Desk know. You will need to park your car in the parking lot just off 125 and hike up the half-mile dirt road, as space is limited at the cabin and the catering people will have their vehicles parked there. The site of the picnic is the caretaker's house: a short distance further up the mountain is the cabin itself. The weather is supposed to be nice and the setting is wonderfully picturesque, but with a different sort of view than what we've been enjoying here. It's worth the walk.

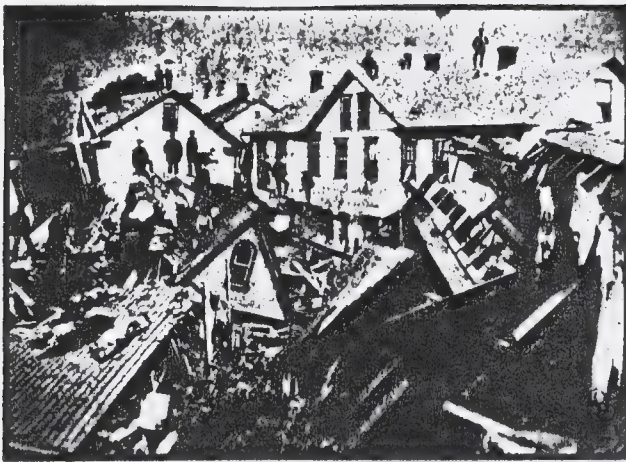
## ***The Bread Loaf Miscellany***

■ **New faces:** We welcome to the hill Geri Thoma, a literary agent with the Elaine Markson Agency, and Janet Silver, a senior editor at Houghton Mifflin Company. Geri will be meeting her appointments today upstairs in the library; Janet, tomorrow. ■ **Belated thanks:** To Peter Newton, who admitted to being yesterday's masthead artist. ■ **On your mark:** Don't forget the foot race, this morning at ten. ■ **Get set:** Due to the picnic at Frost Cabin, *no lunch will be served in the Dining Hall today.* ■ **Go:** to the Film Panel this morning in the Little Theatre, even if you didn't see last night's movie. ■ **Take a Hike:** Tomorrow morning, the first hike departs from the Inn at 8:30 sharp. ■ **Personal note to Alan Shapiro from *The Crumb*:** How about submitting some more of your family's jokes in a daily column? We've

had a few requests. ■ **Bread Loaf Classifieds:** WANTED: DESPERATELY NEED A HALF DOZEN OR MORE LOUD, HEALTHY, EARTHY CURSE WORDS IN PUERTO RICAN SPANISH. ALSO, A FEW HOT, GUTTURAL, SEXY LOVE WORDS. THE "VOICES IN MY HEAD" (A. LAMOTT QUOTE) ONLY SPEAK IN ENGLISH AND THEREFORE CANNOT GET OUT. I MAY NEED THE SAME IN ITALIAN, NEXT WEEK. WATCH THIS COLUMN. THIS AD IS SERIOUS. CAN ANYONE HELP? SHEILA COLE NILVA [BEACH #3] ■ **All right, Sheila, you have our attention:** *The Crumb* will entertain all theories from the Bread Loaf community as to why it is Sheila *has* this need. ■ **The Patricia Spears Jones Challenge:** Meanwhile, Patricia suggests a conference-wide contest to come up with the best literary classic for Demi Moore to select as her next project. Winner might win a free pass to see *Striptease* at the Green Mountain Drive-in over there in Rural Theatre, Vermont (just down the road from Rural Station). No, really, maybe we *can* find a suitable prize. Perhaps a free book....without its cover, of course. Send your suggestions to *Patricia Spears Jones Challenge c/o The Crumb.* ■ **And now for something completely different:** This just in from Beth Thomas in the conference office: "A rare species of moth slept on the library porch yesterday morning: Great Tiger Moth, *Artica caja americana*. Its cream forewings are covered with broad, brown dapples. Closed, it's shaped like an arrowhead, hiding bright orange-yellow hindwings that are marked by a sequence of three black spots at the edges and a fourth near the wing joint. Otherwise, it appears as a shaggy orange figure underneath with a short cape of brown down covering its head [Editor's note: *no, that was just some guy from Gilmore who didn't feel like walking all the way back there after the dance last night. Now, back to Beth's report....*] He paced but did not fly on waking." [Editor's note: *still sounds like that guy to me. Sorry, Beth: couldn't resist.*] ■ **After the Shouting Stops:** Monday, there'll be an interesting workshop exploring the practical aspects of the author/editor relationship. Check out tomorrow's *Crumb* for further details.







Last night's dance was perhaps just a little bit too hard on some of Bread Loaf's historic buildings, but our caretaker Leo is confident he can have them back in shape by mid-morning.



Cartoon by Norton Girault

## Quote of the Day

Laura Quimby and David Bain correctly guessed yesterday's mystery poet as Mark Strand, so they each have a point. They deduced the true meaning of my clues "at the end of your rope...hanging by a thread." Actually that *rope* clue works pretty well again today, especially the morning after last night's revelries, when all our brains have gone to pot. I won't say much more about today's author except that s/he has some pretty terrific initials, in the opinion of your not so humble editor. The quote:

This day they were headed for Petaluma -- the chicken, egg, and arm-wrestling capital of the nation -- for lunch. The father had offered to take them to the men's arm-wrestling semifinals. But it was said that arm wrestling wasn't so interesting since the new safety precautions, that hardly anyone broke an arm or a wrist anymore. The best anyone could hope to see would be dislocation, so they said they would rather go to Pete's. Pete's was a gas station turned into a place to eat.

## Today's Readers

This afternoon's readers are Margot Livesey, Michael Collier, and Sara Mansfield Taber. Margot has written two novels, *Home-work* and *Criminals*, and a story collection, *Learning by Heart*. Michael has published three books of poetry: *The Clasp*, *The Folded Heart*, and *The Neighbor*. He teaches at the University of Maryland and became the director of the

Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in 1995. Sara, a nonfiction fellow, is the author of *Dusk on the Campo: A Journey in Patagonia*. She lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Tonight's readers are Anita Desai and Barbara Jordan. Anita has published nine novels, including *Clear Light of Day* and *In Custody*, both short-listed for Britain's Booker Prize. She was born in Mussoorie, India and presently teaches at MIT. Barbara, a poetry fellow, won the 1989 Barnard New Women Poets Prize for *Channel*. She teaches at the University of Rochester.

....Joan ignored them both, calling out in a loud voice to Krishna, to Kali. She put her face close to Grace's so that her hair hung down around them like a shining tent.

It was hard to see what she was doing, but Ewan guessed: she was trying to catch her daughter's soul before it flew too far, to bring it back and slip it safely home between Grace's slender ribs. Meanwhile, her slim brown hands shuttled up and down the quiet body. Surely, he thought, such love could not be denied.

-- Margot Livesey

*From Criminals*

### ***The Fairy Tale***

When the jewels spilled to the floor  
of their father's house, the story ended:  
perversion and treachery endured, rewarded.  
The best way to send children to bed --  
fright overcome, but lingering. And a duck  
paddling across the pond to save them.

But what if the story didn't end there?  
The stepmother not dead, a divorcee  
whose alimony was half her husband's  
weekly crust of bread, and the witch hadn't burned?  
What if like everywhere else in the world  
of dread, the past grew larger each day?

Then despite his children's return,  
the father never forgives himself.  
The stepmother arrives with her lawyer  
to put a lien on the jewels. While  
the witch, disguised as a kind old lady,  
files a countersuit, and the duck swims

in the park pond and waits for the children's  
song. But the shore is dark and the children  
are out collecting pebbles, for they hear  
the adults plotting in sadness and greed  
once more to obscure the way from the woods  
to the house. But the line against the heart's

true strength holds the guile that waits,  
as the child waits, for the chance to push  
the witch into the oven and escape  
with her brother to her father's house  
where the fright overcome overcomes them again.

-- Michael Collier

We were possessed by the desire to find the  
dead whale we had spied early in our stay.  
We made our way to the spot marked on the  
map.

The skull was like a monument, high up on  
the beach. Thornbushes were sprouting little  
straw flowers all around it. Peter ran his hand  
along the lobed and tunneled surfaces of the  
eight-foot-wide braincase, and he squatted to  
allow his hand to complete its journey down  
the twelve-foot mandible of the lower jaw. At  
its greatest part, this bone was fifteen inches  
thick. The colossal whale head had been  
bleached white, scrubbed by the sea, and  
cleaned of flesh. It shone in the cool,  
midmorning air.

-- Sara Mansfield Taber

*From Dusk on the Campo*

In Tibet, in Lhasa, he saw the sight  
no man was meant to see. The corpses  
laid on the rocks under the sky,  
being cut into quarters with knives,  
into quarters and then into frag-  
ments, and the bones hammered un-  
til they were dust. When the men  
who performed this ceremony for the  
waiting birds saw that he was  
watching, they drew clouds into the  
clear sky, lightning out of those  
clouds, and made the thunder roll.  
Out of the cloudless blue sky they  
had loosed a storm upon Lhasa, hail-  
stones the size of eggs, rain in  
sheets. He had danced in the rain  
and the hail. When he had turned to  
thank the magicians for this joy, he  
had seen them fly into the sky on a  
streak of lightning and vanish in  
flames.

-- Anita Desai

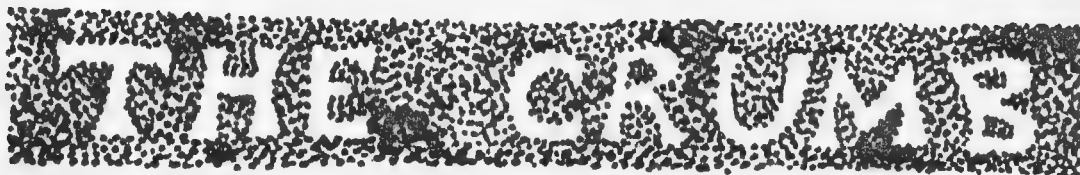
*From Baumgartner's Bombay*

All my steps are thresholds.  
I walk on blue rocks,  
the same watery, unreal blue  
that Fra Angelico mixed to hold the Virgin  
to her bier,  
levitating, like a magician's assistant,  
pumped full of sky.

-- Barbara Jordan

*From "Tutulary Poems"*





Volume 71 • Issue Number 6

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Monday, August 19, 1996

Today's masthead by Stephanie Lahar

Editor: Al Hudgins

## *The Bread Loaf Miscellany*

■ **Our Folding Service Has Folded:** Now that we've shown you how *The Crumb* is folded for five consecutive days, your bleary-eyed editor hopes you can manage it yourself from now on. He also thanks members of the Wait Staff and others outside of the Barn after Saturday's dance for their assistance in folding Sunday's issue. ■ **Breakfast of Crampions:** *The Crumb* congratulates yesterday's winners in the Writers' Cramp Race: Jen Calder and Gregory Spatz took first place honors in the runners' competition, and Kathleen Devereux came in first among the walkers. Second place among runners: Jill Hindle and Ed Brown; second place among walkers: Tsilia Geinberg. Third place runners: Gloria Barsamian and Eric Hoffman. My apologies for any misspelled names, but race organizer Aimee Piotrowski's handwriting is not easy to read at one in the morning. ■ **Hello I Must Be Going:** The Front Desk reminds you that all good things must come to an end, and if you need a ride when it does, you should check the bulletin board in the lobby. Sunday's departures are listed by flight time. Bus departures and departures before Sunday are listed separately. You would do well to check the details here. Later in the week, you will need to confirm your reservations, as we patiently explained in that first issue of *The Crumb* that you have now completely forgotten. But don't worry: like your mother, *The Crumb* will remind you again as the time draws near. And people leaving before Sunday will be contacted individually for taxi times. ■ **Climb Ev'ry Mountain Dept.:** The hikes being led by John Elder have proven so popular, your ever-accommodating conference management has added another one, this one led by Hugh Coyle, dance DJ, School of English *Crumb* editor, and now -- apparently -- outdoorsman. Hugh's bucking for some sort of *Best All Around* award in our yearbook, methinks. But anyway, this new hike leaves Wednesday at 8:30 a.m. for a moderate, uphill, three-hour round trip climb to Skyline Lodge and the Bread Loaf/Battell look-off. Sign up at the Front Desk, but only if you missed the John Elder hikes! There are also plans to schedule another and shorter hike soon. Watch this space. ■ **Monday's AA gathering:** "5:10-ish" is what the note says. Location is Birch Room 12. *The Crumb* reminds its readers that this is not one of our lame gags (several of you have asked). This is a real event and we applaud those who've made arrangements to meet this special need. ■ **Workshops on the move:** Both Deborah Digges and Andrea Barrett have requested a change of venue from Barn East to upstairs at the library for their workshops. ■ **Don't Mess With Chin:** We've been seeing a lot of trash and spilled cups and other such things in the Little Theatre. Or, rather, Chin Ho Chong's been seeing this and he's responsible for the theatre's upkeep. You aren't supposed to bring food and drink into the theatre, but if you have to be a rebel, at least be a neat one. Also: the pitcher of water in the podium is reserved for our readers. The walk to the water jug at the Inn will do you good. ■ **More BreadNet:** Another orientation class for BreadNet has been scheduled for Tuesday at 10:00. See Caroline Eisner in the Apple Cellar for more details. ■ **WE CAN'T WAIT:** Tonight's Bread Loaf Late Show features half of our hard-working Wait Staff, who will finally get to do what they came here to do: read from their work instead of asking if you'd prefer butterscotch or chocolate on your ice cream. Don't miss it! ■

## Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast: French toast, oven baked hash browns, French coffee cake
- 8:30 J. Elder Hike departs from Inn [Be prompt: they won't wait for late-comers]
- 9:00 Lecture: Jayne Ann Phillips, "Why Writers Write: Motivation and Transformation," *Little Theatre Janet Silver*, informal appointments, *Library upstairs*
- 10:15 Poetry and nonfiction workshops, [*Digges Workshop has moved to Library upstairs*]
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch: Shaved steak, Thai noodles with peanut sauce, steak house potatoes
- 2:30 Panel on Editors and Agents, *Little Theatre*
- 4:00 Afternoon Readings: Reginald McKnight, Matthew Rohrer, *Little Theatre*
- 5:00 Workshop on the Editor/ Author Relationship, *Little Theatre*
- 6:30 Dinner: Baked ham, vegetable quiche, cheese potatoes
- 8:15 Evening Readings: Deborah Digges, Brooks Hansen, *Little Theatre*
- 9:30 Coffee reception, *Barn*
- 10:15 The Bread Loaf Late Show presents: *The Wait Staff, Part One, Little Theatre*

## Today's Schedule for the Morose

- 7:30 Today's breakfast will be cold before you eat it. Or if it's supposed to be cold, it will be tepid. The French toast will either harder than roof shingles or as tasteless as water-soaked newsprint
- 8:30 The J. Elder hike departs from Inn without you.
- 9:00 All the "lapses of craft" cited in Jayne Ann Phillips' lecture can be illustrated with passages from your work.
- 10:15 If you're in fiction, it won't surprise you to learn that today the poetry and nonfiction workshops meet. You'll use the time to do your laundry, which the dryer will mercilessly shrink. And that waiter you've been trying to impress will see you folding your smiley-face underwear.
- 12:15 The Bread Loaf Singers, rehearsing in the Blue Parlor, do nothing to help your headache as you sit on the porch.
- 1:00 Lunch accommodates the predestined meeting of your favorite jacket and a ruinous glob of peanut sauce.
- 2:30 Members of the panel on editors and agents keep looking over at you and frowning.
- 4:00 You fall prominently asleep during the readings by Reginald McKnight and Matthew Rohrer and later someone tells you that Reg incorporated your buzzsaw snoring into his story as a sound effect.
- 5:00 You sleep right through the editor/author workshop.
- 6:30 At dinner, you attempt the Heimlich Maneuver on a choking Michael Collier and wind up cracking three of his ribs. For the first time, he stops smiling. Conference historian David Bain requests an interview with you for his follow-up book, *Whose Condos These Are*.
- 8:15 Prompted by the readings Deborah Digges and Brooks Hansen give, recurring images of death and destruction preoccupy you.
- 9:30 At the coffee reception in the barn, nobody understands your interpretation of Digges' and Hansen's work.

Several people younger than you request that you "lighten up." Someone makes a remark about what sort of infestation might be located up a certain orifice on your person.

- 10:15 At the first night of the Wait Staff readings, you are handed a note by your manuscript reader which states simply: "It's worse than I thought."



**Editors and Agents Panel at 2:30;  
Editors/Authors Workshop at 5**

Exploring the specific roles and functions of book editors and literary agents will be a panel of special guests: **Alane Mason**, senior editor with W. W. Norton & Company, **Geri Thoma**, an agent with the Elaine Markson Literary Agency, and **Richard Todd**, a consultant with Random House. This is open to the entire conference community and convenes at 2:30 in the Little Theatre.

Meanwhile, at five o'clock, a workshop will meet in the Little Theatre to discuss the practical aspects of the author/editor relationship. Leading this: the aforementioned **Alane Mason**, fiction fellow **Brad Watson**, and nonfiction fellow **Mas Masumoto**.

**Today's Readers**

This afternoon, **Reginald McKnight** and poetry fellow **Matthew Rohrer** will give readings. Reg has published two collections of stories, *Moustapha's Prize* (which won the Drue Heinz Literature Prize) and *The Kind of Light That Shines on Texas*, and a novel, *I Get On the Bus*. He teaches at the University of Maryland. Matthew's first volume of poetry, *A Hummock in the Malookas*, won the National Poetry Series Award, selected by Mary Oliver. Raised in Oklahoma, he now lives in Brooklyn, New York.

The 8:15 readers are **Deborah Digges** and fiction fellow **Brooks Hansen**. Deborah has published three collections of poetry: *Vesper Sparrows*, *Late in the Millennium*, and *Rough Music*. She is also the author of *Fugitive Spring*, a memoir. She teaches at Tufts. Brooks wrote a fictional oral biography with Nick Davis, *Boone*, and is the author of *The Chess Garden*, a novel. A Harvard graduate, he lives in New York City.

The **Wait Staff** readers at tonight's Bread Loaf Late Show are, in sign-up order: **Greg**

**Cowles**, **Jessica Grant**, **Karen Powell**, **John Fulton**, **Paula Berglund**, **Amy Dryansky**, **Liz Brinkley**, **Ted Genoways**, **Heidi Julavits**, **Mariko Nagai**, and **Laura Wexler**.

**Quote of the Day**

The competition heats up, as two more winners gain points for correctly identifying **Amy Hempel** as yesterday's mystery author: **Blue Argo** and **Steve Duffy**. At best, unless I miss my guess, the test will be -- note how I stress this -- in fact, the virtual crest will be (yes, there's excess) in hearing a rhyme and matching a first name: success, I confess, assessed at this address. There are no *Short Cuts* to consult here: that's been done. Besides which, **Missa Ray** loves company. The Bread Loaf connection began over twenty years ago, but the poem appeared within the last five. Here 'tis:

A man was given one kiss, one  
mouth, one tongue, one early dawn, one boat  
on the sea, lust of an indeterminate  
amount under stars. He was happy  
and well fitted for life until he met a man  
with two cocks. Then a sense of futility  
and of the great unfairness of life befell him.  
He lay about all day like a teenaged girl dreaming,  
practicing all the ways to be unconsciously beautiful.

Gradually his competitive spirit began to fade  
and in its place a gigantic kiss rowed toward him.  
It seemed to recognize him, to have intended itself  
only for him. It's just a kiss, he thought,  
I'll use it up. The kiss had the same thing  
on its mind--"I'll use up this man."

But when two kisses kiss, it's like tigers  
answering questions about infinity with their teeth.  
Even if you are eaten, it's okay -- you just become  
impossible  
a new way -- sleepless, stranger than fish, stranger  
than some goofy man with two cocks. That's  
what I meant about the hazards  
of infinity. When you at last begin to seize those things  
which don't exist,  
how much longer will the night need to be?

Kene opened another kola and refilled our glasses. I sat chewing on my piece of kola, oblivious to its bitterness. I told myself it didn't matter whether these guys were pulling my leg. Idi was a terrific storyteller. Though his story was a dozen clicks left of believable, he told it without the disgusting archness of an Uncle Remus, Burl Ives, or Mark Twain. Those guys with unctuous grins, twinkly eyes, and winks. He told his story with a simple clarity, as if he were telling the truth. Maybe he was. He told me about some of his adventures subsequent to his escape, such as tricking a policeman into eating a bowl of termites disguised to look like rice. The man was "devoured inside to outside." He told me of his adventures in a bush full of horrifying creatures, and a city full of horrifying concepts. He told me about his return to his village on the wind of a Sufi's sneeze. "Some people don't believe what the Sufi's can do," he said. He told it all without crinkling his nose, winking, whipping out a corncob pipe, or asking dopey question like, "So what do you think I did next?" The beer, the kola, the story made me lose track of time.

-- Reginald McKnight

From "How I Met Idi"

### *the evening concert*

There is a moment early in the evening  
when everything seems possible

An old man sits on a porch  
eating,

telling you about sitting  
on a porch sitting

Routine alone keeps an old man alive  
on the first days of another spring

Who knows what will happen next?  
Then they hang the leaves back on the trees.

Everyone is on the edge of their seats  
as the sun snuffs itself out

and the moment is over. It is night,  
there are bats squeeze behind the shutters.

In the distance a car drives off the dock.  
The cry of men running to help lifts up, a song.

-- Matthew Rohrer

### *Apples*

*For my father*

Everyone brings flowers  
and I bring apples sent from Milton,  
Josephus, Hesperides, three  
red, one golden, like a flower

It is the evening of his eleventh labor,  
the prophets are gathering at his bedside.

Everyone brings flowers but I bring apples,  
place on in his palm  
and close his fingers around the seasons  
like faces, ballast,

three red, one golden.  
Who knows which he'll recognize,

what phantom feature, son  
or daughter calling  
past dark from the orchard trees.

I bring down apples burning, burning yellow  
in the white room.

Even the window is nothing to these three  
red, one golden, like a fire  
we warm our hands over,

our hands over his hands  
in this small camp above the city, everyone  
with flowers.

I have brought apples,  
three red, one golden, like a flower.

-- Deborah Digges

Sometime in early August of 1900, the map of the Antipodes made its first public appearance on the dictionary stand in the Uytterhoevens' library. It was made of goatskin and cotton cloth, crosshatched in a checkerboard design -- it looked to be a chessboard, in fact -- except that someone had drawn the outline of what was very clearly a land mass across the top, of a shape that some of the guests compared to a ghost in flight and others to a windblown star.

-- Brooks Hansen

From *The Chess Garden*



## Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast: Scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon, blueberry muffins
- 9:00 John Elder's Renga Hike departs from Inn [Be prompt: they won't wait for latecomers]  
Lecture: **Heather McHugh**, "Leash, Lash & Level: A Rhetoric of Line in Montale," *Little Theatre*
- 10:15 Fiction workshops, [Barrett Workshop has moved to Library upstairs]  
Presentation: **Amy Holman**, "Publishing Nonfiction and Poetry," *Theatre*
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 12:30 Presentation on the Warren Wilson MFA, *Barn 6*
- 1:00 Picnic lunch: Veggie and cold cut grinders, chef's salad, pasta salad
- 2:30 Presentation: **Heeken Group** [two identical presentations], *Theatre or Barn 2*  
Fiction classes: **Thomas Mallon** [*Barn West*], **Claire Messud** [*Inn Seminar Room*], **C.M. Mayo** [*Barn 3*]  
Poetry classes: **Loren Graham** [*Barn 6*], **Matthew Rohrer** [*Barn 5*], **Karen Volkman** [*Barn 4*]  
Nonfiction classes: **Mas Masumoto** [*Barn 1*]
- 4:00 Afternoon Readings: **Alan Shapiro**, **Brad Watson**, *Little Theatre*
- 5:00 Presentation: **Vaughn Carney**, "Contracts and Taxes for Writers," *Little Theatre*
- 6:30 Dinner: Chicken and vegetable stir fry, vegetable stir fry, peppers with tomato sauce, white rice
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **Andrea Barrett**, **David Mas Masumoto**, *Little Theatre*
- 9:30 Coffee reception, *Barn*
- 10:15 The Bread Loaf Late Show presents: **Open Mike**, Part Two, *Little Theatre*

Volume 71 • Number 7  
**BREAD LOAF**  
**WRITERS' CONFERENCE**  
Tues. August 20, 1996



### Today's Schedule for the Sleep-deprived

- 7:30 May I have some scrambled muffins and some blueberry bacon, please?
- 9:00 **Hugh McHeath**-er: "Land a Lease on the Level in Montana"
- 10: # Friction workshops
- @: 8^ Whuzzall this damn singing?
- ♣: \*0 Pignec l#nch
- ♂: J1 How minny He@kens aRe there?
- 2: +! T o ♯ miny clas#es
- \*J2: T%xes? Huh?
- 03: 6 Fryd chcEKen?
- : wH- »Há~ ♯TT x»Z
- ZZ mc♣ ZZZZ wth

♀ ♯Ywha#? ♯ so v#ry t}red†!! ZZZ

ZZZ ZZZZZZZZZ

ZZZ ZZZZZZZZZ ZZ ZZZZ ZZZ mhrf? ZZ ZZZZZZ ZZZZ

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ZZZZ ZZ ZZ ZZ ZZ ZZ.

## ***Warning: Today's schedule can be confusing***

Even if you're not sleep-deprived, today's schedule can be daunting in its complexity. In addition, there have been some changes made in meeting places. The list as it appears on Page One in *Today's Schedule* is the final word. Except no substitutes. Void where prohibited. In addition to regularly scheduled events such as the morning lecture, the afternoon and evening readings, and the fiction workshops, there are several special activities happening on campus today:

### ***Special presentations:***

**Amy Holman:** "Publishing Nonfiction and Poetry," *Little Theatre at 10:15*. Amy, Associate Director of the Information Center at *Poets & Writers, Inc.*, is here to suggest ways you can market your work. She'll do the same topic for fiction writers tomorrow.

**Andrea Barrett, Margot Livesey, Heather McHugh, Browning Porter, Joe Schuster, Charles Wyatt:** "Warren Wilson Low-Residency MFA Program," *Barn 6 at 12:30*.

**Deidre Heekin, Sarah Heekin Redfield, or Anne Heekin Canedy:** "The Heekin Group Foundation: Finding Grant Sources for Writers," *Theatre or Barn 2 at 2:30*. The same presentation will be presented at both locations. One of the Heekin sisters can't make it, but they didn't tell me which one.

**Vaughn Carney:** "Contracts and Taxes for Writers," *Little Theatre at 5*. Legalities. Led by a contributor who is also an attorney.

### ***Special classes [all at 2:30]:***

**Thomas Mallon:** "The Use of Journals in Fiction," *Barn West*.

**Claire Messud:** "The Craft of the Tragicomic: A potent, resonant, and overlooked mode of literary expression," *Inn Seminar Room [between the back door of the Inn and the Little Theatre]*.

**C.M. Mayo:** "The Story as Net: Image Patterning," *Barn 3*.

**Loren Graham:** "Free Versus Verse: Strategies for keeping free verse from turning into prose," *Barn 6*.

**Matthew Rohrer:** "The Poem is Smarter Than You Are: Fundamental Rules of Revising," *Barn 5*.

**Karen Volkman:** "Sentence and Line: The shape of the sentence and its movement over lines," *Barn 4*.

**Mas Masumoto:** "Sense of Place: Lessons from the Heart for Writers," *Barn 1*.

### ***Special events:***

**Renga Hike:** Departs from the Inn at 9. Led by John Elder.

**Picnic Lunch:** Outside on the grass. Mosquitos provided free of charge.

**Amy Holman Informal Appointments:** Beginning today at 5 and continuing into tomorrow and Thursday. Please meet on the Inn porch outside the Blue Parlor, not upstairs in the library. Amy is here to suggest ways you can market your work. It will be helpful if you drop off a BRIEF sample of your work at the conference office by noon today, so Amy can look it over in advance of her meeting with you.

**Coffee Reception:** Tonight at 9:30 in the Barn.

**The Bread Loaf Late Show:** Open Mike Night #2. See the sign-up sheet for more details.

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No room for *Quote of the Day* today. Resumes tomorrow.

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## The Bread Loaf Miscellany

■ **CrumbNet:** Tell your friends on the World Wide Web that the same daily edition of *The Crumb* which so defines your morning is available later each day for their perusal on the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference web page -- <http://www.middlebury.edu/~blwc> -- complete with digital photos which even we don't have in our ordinary paper version. Thanks to David Bain and his trusty digital camera for the pix and for converting our humble newsprint into electronic wonderfulness. If you're in the Apple Cellar, check it out! ■ **Don't Banks on it:** The announcement at dinner last night about a possible reading by Russell Banks was a bit premature. He will not be appearing at the Bread Loaf podium *this* year. ■ **Special meetings:** Today's AA meeting will be held at 5:45 in Birch 12. On Wednesday night at 10, there'll be a reception for G-BLT Loafers. Gay, Bi, Lesbian, and Trans Bread Loafers are invited to gather in the Blue Parlor. The note I received from Jack Garman [Box #2383] -- at least I *think* that last name is *Garman*, the writing's a bit illegible there -- goes on to say "Your G-BLT comes with refreshments and special toast." and gives his name as the contact person. ■ **Further clarification department:** *The Crumb* has received this anonymous note: "Wasn't it Greg Cowles, not Greg Spatz, who won first place in the Writers' Cramp Runners, Men's Division?" If so, we have now set the record straight. ■ **Still further clarification department:** *The Crumb* has also heard some buzz about the choices "authors have made" for our back pages. The fact is: our authors don't pick the quotes in *The Crumb*; it's a long-standing tradition that the editor does. So, if you have judgements to render about some of the choices that have appeared here, please direct your disgruntlement in our direction, where it belongs. ■ **Demi Moore career moves:** "Peter Pan," says Dick Jacker; "Camille," says D.O.Dreyer, "a role she was

born to play, where she can out-Garbo Garbo." ■ **Dreadful Poetry Contest:** Someone asked me if we could do this again this year. Since you contributors in poetry have no workshop commitments this morning, some of you may wish to try your hand at this [keep it short: two or three lines]. We will not be able to publish all entries, but a selection will be made and we'll print the winner. Publication at last! An esteemed panel of experts will be assembled for this task. In the event of a tie, the winner will be chosen by Scarecrow, Scott Spencer's dog. ■ **More Wait Staff readings:** Scheduled for Friday night. *The Crumb* wishes to acknowledge a last minute change to last night's program: readings by Jordan Ellenberg and Major Jackson.

## Today's Readers

Alan Shapiro and fiction fellow Brad Watson will give the afternoon readings today. Alan is the author of five volumes of poetry, including *Happy Hour*, *Covenant*, and *Mixed Company*, and has a collection of essays forthcoming on art and everyday life. Alan teaches at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Brad, a Mississippi native, is the author of the story collection *Last Days of the Dog-Men*, published this year. He teaches at the University of Alabama.

Andrea Barrett and nonfiction fellow David Mas Masumoto will read this evening. Andrea has written four novels, among them *The Middle Kingdom*, a Literary Guild alternate. Her first collection of short fiction, *Ship Fever and Other Stories*, came out this year and includes two stories selected for *Best American Short Stories*. She lives in Rochester, New York. Mas is the author of the recent *Epitaph for a Peach: Four Seasons on My Family Farm*, as well as three other books. He is a third-generation Japanese-American peach and grape farmer and lives in Del Rey, California.

## Homage

Especially on those nights  
when both of them keep fighting  
and they fall asleep still mad,  
he wakes hearing the pigeons  
high up inside the chimney  
fluttering down, settling.  
Almost like lovers, the way  
all rustle close together,  
shift to give each other room;  
cooing so briefly, faintly,  
as though they each have wakened  
only enough to know that  
they are sleeping now, and warm.  
And he draws up close to her,  
his chest full against her back,  
her hand in his. He's thinking  
it would almost be a kind  
of homage to their old love  
to fall back asleep before  
recalling that it's really  
only anybody's warmth  
now, which they receive and give.

-- Alan Shapiro

Agnes Menken, missing her left eye, and Bob the bulldog, missing his right, often sat together on their porch, Agnes in her straight-backed rocking chair and Bob in her lap. Together they could see anything coming, Bob to one side and Agnes to the other. They always seemed to be staring straight ahead but really they were looking both ways.

Whereas Bob's bad right eye was sewn up, Agnes had a false one that roved. It was obvious to her that people often had trouble telling which eye was the good one, so sometimes she would look at them awhile with the good one, and then when they'd become comfortable with this she switched and looked at them with the false one, which was clear and had the direct hard-bearing frankness of detachment. In her good eye's peripheral vision she could see the general distress that this caused.

-- Brad Watson

From *Last Days of the Dog-Men*

Imagine an April evening in 1762. A handsome house set in the gently rolling Kent landscape a few miles outside the city of London; the sun just set over blue squill and beech trees newly leafed. Inside the house are a group of men and a single woman: Christopher Billopp, his sister Sarah Anne, and Christopher's guests from London. Educated and well-bred, they're used to a certain level of conversation. Just now they're discussing Linnaeus's contention that swallows retire under water for the winter -- that old belief, stemming from Aristotle, which Linnaeus still upholds.

-- Andrea Barrett

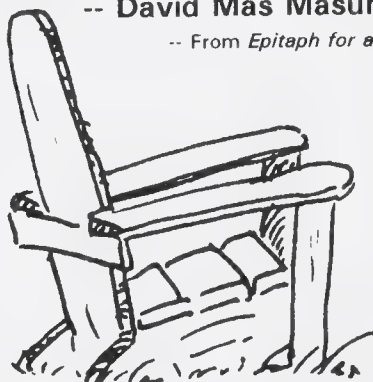
From *Ship Fever and Other Stories*

All good farmers become connoisseurs of dirt and dust. We have progressed from trailing a horse-drawn plow and marching through mud to riding modern equipment that elevates us three or four feet above the ground. But no good farmer can escape contact with the earth, we feel it on our tongues and in our throats.

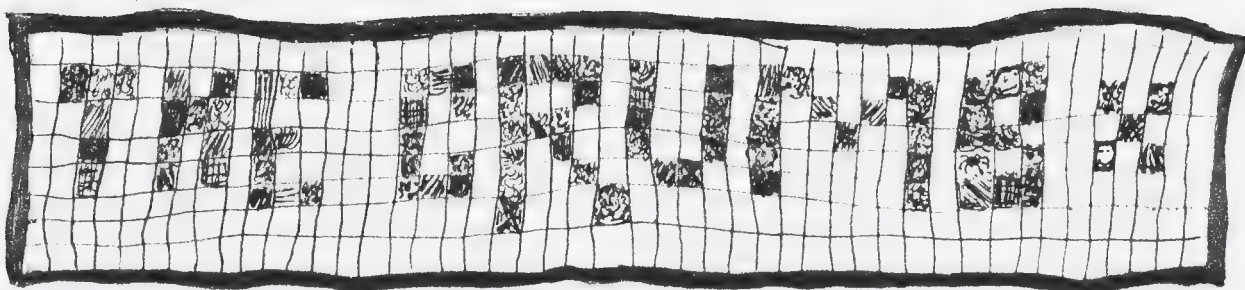
Farm dust varies with soil types and regional cuisines. I don't know how the Georgia red clay tastes, but I have visited the Wisconsin dairy lands and Washington's Skagit Valley. Mixed with rains and lush growth, their dust is heavy and thick and has a richness, like a fattening dessert of chocolate.

-- David Mas Masumoto

-- From *Epitaph for a Peach*







Today's masthead was submitted anonymously.

Editor: Al Hudgins

### *Today's Schedule*

- 7:30 Breakfast: Old-fashioned waffles with maple syrup, cottage fried potatoes, strawberry nut bread
- 9:00 Lecture: Anita Desai, "Adapting a Novel for the Screen," *Theatre*  
Presentation: Heekin Group [two presentations], *Barn 1&2*
- 10:15 Poetry and nonfiction workshops  
Presentation: Amy Holman, "Publishing Fiction," *Little Theatre*
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch: Sloppy Joes on a bun, egg salad in pita pockets, mixed vegetables
- 2:30 Informal apptmnts: Amy Holman
- 4:00 Special Guest Reading: Grace Paley, *Little Theatre*
- 5:30 Cocktail reception, *Larch Well*
- 6:30 Dinner: Grilled London broil, pasta with Dijon pesto, red potatoes, kernel corn
- 8:15 Evening Readings: Mark Doty, Claire Messud, *Little Theatre*
- 9:30 The Bread Loaf Late Show presents: The Conference Staff Readings, *Little Theatre*

### *Today's Schedule for the Clairvoyant*

*That's right.*

### *Quote of the Day*

Blue Argo and Steve Duffy move into the lead, two points apiece, by correctly guessing Sunday's mystery author: Tess Gallagher. You would do well to try today's, in fact, your doing well couldn't be better:

Edward Gellert was thirteen going on fourteen when the paper boys went on strike against the *Evening Star*, and he was fourteen going on fifteen when his bicycle was run over. One half the individual nature never seems any different, from the cradle to the grave; the other half is pathetically in step with the slightest physical change. Edward's voice had deepened, hairs had appeared on his body where Darwin said they should appear, his feet and hands were noticeably large for the rest of him, and something would not allow him to kneel in the dark beside his bed and ask God to give him back his new bicycle. People might be raised from the dead, as it said in the Bible, but a ruined bicycle could not by any power on earth or in heaven be made shining and whole again.

## Grace Paley Reads at 4

Our second special guest reader, Grace Paley, arrives today for a reading in the Little Theatre at 4, immediately followed by a cocktail reception in her honor in the "Larch Well," the grassy area behind the Annex and Inn and adjacent to Larch dorm. Grace's first book of stories, *The Little Disturbances of Man*, came out in 1959, followed by *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* and *Later the Same Day*, both story collections, two volumes of poetry, a volume of poems and prose pieces entitled *Long Walks and Intimate Talks*, and, in 1994, *The Collected Stories*. She has long been a feminist and anti-war activist, and regards herself as a "somewhat combative pacifist and cooperative anarchist."

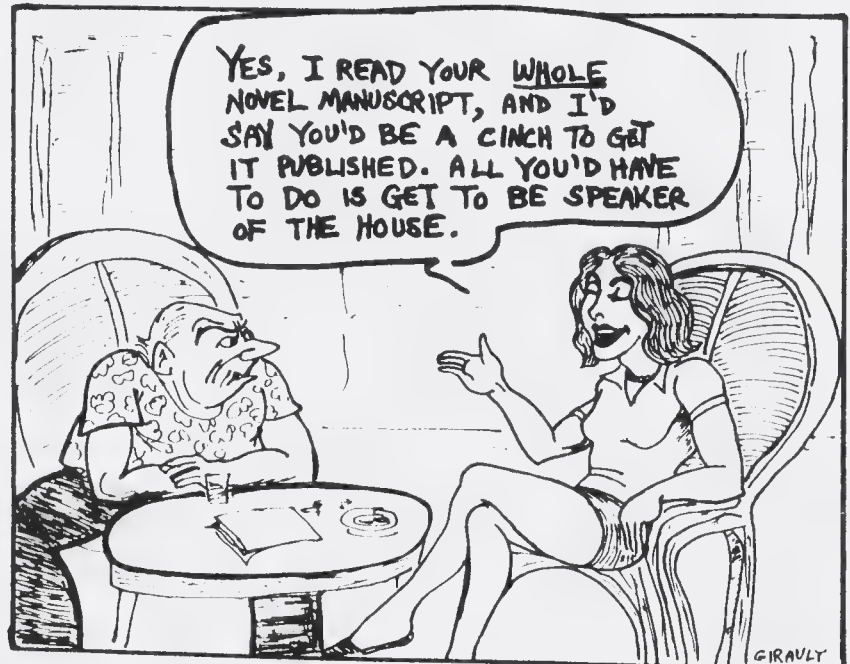
### PJ Breakfast Tomorrow

Contributor Christopher Rathbone has been noticing a dwindling population in the dining hall these last few mornings and theorizes that, increasingly, people don't feel like getting all dressed up for breakfast. And so he pitched an intriguing proposal to Michael Collier, who's given it the green light: Thursday morning will be PJ Breakfast Day in the dining hall. Christopher says: "Come on down in what you wear to bed." *The Crumb* assures its readers that this is on the level but makes no promises about the likelihood of seeing its editor on hand at so ungodly an hour. But it *does* sound like fun, so who knows?



### Staffers Read at 9:30

The Bread Loaf Late Show has a special treat tonight: members of the Conference Staff will each be given *four* minutes of Bread Loaf fame, starting at 9:30. Reading tonight: Sebastian Matthews, Beth Thomas, Blue Argo, Ted Howard, Al Hudgins, Kristin Lindquist, Hugh Coyle, Allison Woods-Richardson, Wendy Gavin, Patrick Phillips, Jaime Grechika, Chin Ho Chong, Gabrielle Burton, Steve Duffy, Peter Newton, Kristen Henderson, and Mike Theune. Please support your hard-working Conference Staff with a good showing tonight. You won't be disappointed....except for maybe in the case of that guy who's reading fifth.





## The Bread Loaf Miscellany

■ **Calling all Gregs:** *The Crumb* has received another note about Sunday's first place finisher among the male runners: "Dear *Crumb*: I am mortified! It wasn't Greg Cowles who won, but the other Greg who is also a waiter. I don't know his last name. Can you check?" Dear Mortified: Please calm yourself. *The Crumb* has consulted its oracle and has a *strong* feeling that the proper surname will soon be revealed. ■ **So that they can hear the Bread Loaf Singers better:** Henceforth, all informal appointments with special visitors such as Amy Holman today and literary agent Kit Ward tomorrow will be held on the porch outside of the Blue Parlor, and not upstairs in the library. Note, too, that in the event of rain, the appointments will be held in Michael Collier's office, across from the conference office. ■ **Jacqueline Wales:** The true third place finisher among female runners in Sunday's race, just to continue to set the record straight. *The Crumb* has decided that if it receives any more corrections about the outcome of this race, it will select the winners' names at random out of a hat. ■ **Be there or be square:** Don't forget the G-BLT gathering tonight in the Blue Parlor at 10. ■ **Named for the size of the mosquitoes which live there:** If you'd like to go on the picnic to Texas Falls tomorrow or Friday, don't forget to sign up at the Front Desk. ■ **Special Panel Discussion:** On the proper pronunciation of Demi Moore's first name. Poets only, please. Meanwhile, this just in from Libby Stott for Ms. Moore's next film: "*Mother Theresa: The Untold Story*." ■ **Poets with completed manuscripts:** Are invited to schedule informal appointments with Randy Petilos, managing editor, Phoenix Poets Series, University of Chicago Press, on Thursday, August 22, between 10:15 a.m. and noon. Sign up at the conference office. Appointments, in *this* case only, will be held in the Blue Parlor. ■

**BREAD LOAF CLASSIFIEDS:** RIDE WANTED TO BROOKLYN, SPECIFICALLY PARK SLOPE (MONTGOMERY AVENUE). SAFE DRIVER AND CAN PAY FOR GAS. WILL LAUGH @ PUNCHLINES, USUALLY. JACK GARMAN, BOX 2383. ■ **Today's AA meeting:** 5:10 p.m. at Birch #12. ■ **Calling all singers:** For those who've attended any of the rehearsals of the Bread Loaf Singers but have been unable to attend all of them, we'd still love to have you whenever possible. I understand the many conflicts of scheduling, especially long workshops, hikes, and special meetings. In today's rehearsal, we will try to set a time for a special additional rehearsal: come then for more info or stop me whenever you see me on the hill and I can give you the details. The Singers will be performing at the Friday afternoon reception at Treman and before Saturday night's final readings. ■ **Send us your dreadfuls:** *The Crumb* has four entries in the Dreadful Poetry contest but will give you one more day to submit more. ■

## Tonight's Readers

Poet Mark Doty and fiction fellow Claire Messud will read tonight at 8:15. Mark has published four volumes of poetry, including *Atlantis* and *My Alexandria*, which was chosen for the National Poetry Series and won the National Book Critics Circle Award and the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize. A prose memoir, *Heaven's Coast*, is forth-

coming. Claire is the author of the novel *When the World Was Steady*, which was a finalist for the PEN/Faulkner Award for 1995. In the coming year, she will be teaching creative writing at the University of Maryland.



Cartoon by Norton Girault

## ***An Exhibition of Quilts***

Necessity bloomed  
into an exuberance of scraps,  
with a rapturous language to match:  
Feathered Star with Wild Goose Chase,

Princess Feather with Laurel Leaves,  
*Unnamed Pattern with Four Hearts.*

*Four Leaf Sprays and Four Pineapples.*  
The terms of their craft became landscape:

Prickly Path, Garden Maze,  
Delectable Mountains.

Here everything's in motion  
-- Tumbling Blocks, Carpenter's Wheel --

and here, in one perfected yellow firmament,  
are sixteen stars. Some shine

while others spin, since the maker's  
shot five through with red plaid

pinwheel blades. The color's softened,  
though it must have dazzled.

Which were her dresses,  
which her husband's shirts?

Imagine her cutting apart  
anything discarded

into squares and diamonds,  
hurrying to fit them all in,

to get it right:  
just beyond the day's veil,

her gospel's variable heavens.  
Did she name it --

Whirling and Sleeping Stars,  
Bethlehem in Broad Daylight?

**-- Mark Doty**

Just when I most needed conversation, a  
sniff of the man-wide world, that is, at least  
one brainy companion who could translate my  
friendly language into his tongue of undying  
carnal love, I was forced to lounge in our  
neighborhood park, surrounded by children.

**-- Grace Paley**

From "Faith in a Tree"

Bali is not a big island: it is fifty miles wide  
at its widest, and at most ninety miles long.  
But it is big enough to get lost on. Kuta  
Beach, the tourist resort on the island's south  
coast, must only be a couple of miles in  
diameter, but one can get lost there, too,  
amid crazy alleyways of bars and brothels  
and pirate tape shops, or along the crowded  
hillocks of sand patrolled by hawkers and  
deal-makers and old women offering mas-  
sages. The Balinese, remarkably adaptable,  
have simply severed Kuta Beach from the  
island, like amputating a limb -- in their  
minds, of course. To go to Kuta Beach is,  
for a Balinese, to leave Bali. It is so simple.

The real Bali, then, is to be found higher  
up or further out, along narrow, winding  
roads or in emerald rice paddies or over on  
the destitute, lava-scarred eastern plain  
where the tourists never go. In all these  
places that are 'really' Bali, the watchful,  
angry mountain Agung dominates. There  
are other, smaller mountains -- Abang for the  
devout, Batur for tourists. But Agung is the  
mountain of the gods, fierce, unpredictable  
givers and takers of life. Everything depends  
on Agung, and everyone is situated by it.

Not to know where you are, not to  
know where the mountain is: in Balinese  
there is a word for this, *palang*. To be *palang*  
is to be paralysed: not to be able to work or  
to dance or to sleep. Orientation and order  
are everything. Everyone has a place.

**-- Claire Messud**

From *When the World Was Steady*

# The CRUMB

Volume 71 • Issue Number 9

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thursday, August 22, 1996

Today's masthead by Cathy Osborne.

Editor: Al Hudgins





## *Today's Schedule*

- 7:30 Breakfast: Hard-boiled eggs, scrambled eggs, poached eggs, sausage, doughnuts
- 9:00 Lecture: **Chase Twichell**, "The Art and Craft of Not Writing," *Little Theatre*  
Informal appointments: **Randy Petilos**, *Blue Parlor*; **Amy Holman**, **Kit Ward**, *Porch near the Blue Parlor*
- 10:15 Fiction workshops
- 11:00 Texas Falls outing departs from the front of the Inn
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Blue Parlor*
- 1:00 Lunch: Chimichangas, cheese burritos, mexican brown rice, mixed vegetables
- 2:30 Additional **Open Mike** readings, *Little Theatre*  
Fiction classes: **Jesse Lee Kercheval**, **Margot Livesey**, **Gregory Spatz**
- 4:00 Afternoon Readings: **Yusef Komunyakaa**, **Gregory Spatz**, *Little Theatre*
- 5:00 Panel: "Poetry and publications," *Little Theatre*
- 6:30 Dinner: Seafood plate, stuffed zucchini, rice w/vegetables, steamed asparagus
- 8:15 Musicale: **Vermont Symphony Trio**, *Little Theatre*
- 9:30 Coffee reception, *Barn*
- 10:00 The Bread Loaf Late Show presents: **Final Open Mike Readings**, *Little Theatre*

## *Today's Schedule for the Absent-Minded*

- 7:30 Is this the meal where I hand in the form to say if I want beef or fish?
- 9:00 Is this lecture really called "Down Time"? Down where?
- 10:15 What's with all these prose poems today?
- 11:00 Doesn't that path across the meadow from the Inn lead to Texas Falls? How will they get there in cars?
- 1:00 I can't wait to have the sloppy joes today.
- 2:30 Still *more* prose poems?? Is this a trend?
- 4:00 I've been wanting to hear Grace Paley read ever since I got here.
- 5:00 I think I'll go to that panel "Poetry or Publication" -- I'm definitely in favor of the former
- 6:30 Why isn't anyone else in their pajamas this evening?
- 8:15 Which one of those playing will be the one giving the reading?
- 9:30 Where's the DJ and all the colored lights?

10:15 I hope I can stay up long enough to hear the scholars' readings.

## ***Extra Open Mike Readings at 2:30***

Due to popular demand, an additional hour of open mike readings has been scheduled for the Little Theatre at 2:30. Limited to 8 participants. Sign up outside the conference office. Please note, too, that because of the number of participants all open mike readings tonight will be limited to four minutes and will begin at 10:00 sharp.

## ***The Bread Loaf Miscellany***

■ Hard boiled eggs, buttermilk pancakes, O'Brien potatoes, and someone whose name you're embarrassed to admit you can't remember: What you will find at breakfast tomorrow. ■ This just in from the *Crumb* mailbox from "The Disgruntled Masses" regarding Breakfast: Dear *Crumb*: Apropos of Meal Protocols, instead of forcing people to descend to breakfast in their skivvies or regimental smallcloths, how about.....(1.) A *MONASTIC MEAL*: Total silence during lunch or dinner. Someone will read an inspirational text, such as Civilwarland in bad decline, while we masticate shaved everything. (2.) A *WEST POINT MEAL*: Contributors sit on edge of seat. Forks lifted to mouths at right angles. Contributors address faculty as "Sir, Yes, Sir!" irrespective of gender. Faculty address contributors as "Underpublished Maggots." ■ *Still More Demi*: Demi Moore as Melanie in *Gone with the Wind* (Leslie Pietrzyk). ■ Race corrections, from Karen Powell: Remarkably, the Writers' Cramp Race was *actually* won by Pope Gregory XIII, who should be especially applauded for his stamina, since he has been dead since 1585. ■ *From the Front Desk*: Today, you should begin confirming your taxi reservations. Don't forget that your non-refundable fare is payable when you do so. And, for those going to Texas Falls, the blue van and the

cars of the carpool volunteers will pull up on the south side (eastbound) side of Vermont 125 and depart at 11 a.m. *sharp*. All drivers who volunteered are needed and are being counted on. When the caravan is assembled, the van will lead the way and drop off people and lunches at the falls. The van will pick up its rides at 1:45. But others may stay as long as they wish; it's just that the van needs to be back at the Inn by 2 p.m. ■ *Today's Panel at 5*: Al Shapiro, Michael Collier, and Randy Petilos on "Poetry and Publication." ■

## ***Quote of the Day***

Quite a few people recognized William Maxwell as yesterday's mystery author: Blue Argo and Steve Duffy [who retain the lead with three points apiece], Katherine Branch, Michael Collier, Kristen Lindquist, and even 9-year-old David Collier, who is, after all, something of an expert about boys and bicycles. The quote was read by Bill last year at Bread Loaf. But that is all in the past and you must now lend a eye to these new lines:

At the margin of the pond  
in the live mud, there are frogs  
whose whole bodies pulse,  
the way the vein above  
my father's eye pulsed  
in thought. There are herons here,  
the blue shape of flight, and small fish  
whose blind seeking once  
delivered all of us to land.

## ***Fiction Classes at 2:30***

Margot Livesey: "Creating Characters," *Barn West*.

Jesse Lee Kercheval: "The Bitter/Sweet End: the Delicate Art of Endings," *Barn 2*.

Gregory Spatz: "Easy as Lying: The relationship between lying and storytelling," *Barn 1*.

## Today's Readers

Poet **Yusef Komunyakaa** and fiction fellow **Gregory Spatz** will read this afternoon at 4. Yusef received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for his collection *Neon Vernacular: New and Selected Poems*. He has also published *Magic City*, *Dien Cai Dau*, *Copacetic*, and *I Apologize for the Eyes in My Head*. Gregory has published *No One But Us*, a novel, and numerous short stories. He now lives in Iowa City.

### April's Anarchy

All five shades of chameleon  
Came alive on the cross-hatched  
Snakeskin, & a constellation  
Of eyes flickered in the thicket  
As quail whooped up from sagebrush.  
I duck-walked through mossy slag  
Where a turtledove's call  
Held daylight to the ground.  
Vines climbed barbed wire  
& leapt blacktop,  
Snuck down back alleys,  
Disguised with white blossoms,  
Just to get a stranglehold  
On young Judas trees.  
Thorns nicked my left ear.  
A hum rushed through leaves  
Like something I could risk  
Putting my hands on.  
What April couldn't fix  
Wasn't worth the time:  
Egg shell & dried placenta  
Light as memory.  
Patches of fur, feathers,  
& bits of skin. A nest  
Of small deaths among anemone.  
A canopy edged over, shadowplaying  
The struggle underneath  
As if it never happened.

-- Yusef Komunyakaa

My mother never took any pleasure in being beautiful, that I knew. She never said anything about it, never looked happily in a mirror touching the parts of her face that pleased people to see. As far as I could tell she was like a person who hated herself to death. Men were lucky and dangerous cards she had been dealt to play. It was hard for me to understand at times, because obviously there was more than luck involved. The men were not static; they had opinions of their own. They were not dealt, they were drawn. They came and went. They had ideas about her, and most of those ideas leaned towards one thing: they thought she was desirable. For me it was a matter of always having to look at the same thing from two sides. There was my mother, who could never see the beauty in herself, and there was the man, who could see only beauty. Then there was beauty itself -- a vague, slipped-over territory where they fought to define themselves and be understood.

-- Gregory Spatz

From *No One But Us*

### TONIGHT: A TRIO FROM THE VERMONT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:

Anne Jansen, Flute • David Gusakov,  
Violin • Bonnie Klimowski, Cello • In a  
program featuring the music of Corelli,  
Haydn, Pachelbel, Tartini, and Mozart





Volume 71 • Issue Number 10

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Friday, August 23, 1996

Editor: Al Hudgins

## ***The Bread Loaf Anthology of Dreadful Poetry***

My loneliness engulfs me  
like a locked door without a key  
like a cat without a flea

-- *Tyffany Walker*

The bloody eye of a stoplight blinking  
Smashed through the window of my  
drunken thinking

-- *Linda Conner*

Meet me in the pasture  
you wicked curr

-- *Tina Sparkle*

In search of a shiny penny  
Loafers wander empty at dusk

-- *Jane Zimmerman*

My lover (*pause*) wears spandex (*upward tilt*)  
he (*big breath*) has nice pecs

-- *Tina Sparkle*

Throbbing, passionate feelings  
about banana peelings  
are frightening.

-- *Tyffany Walker*

And the winning poem:

**Two roads diverged in a wood  
and I went left.**

-- *Linda Conner*

***And now: Call for Entries for Worst Opening Sentence in a Novel***

Deadline: Noon today • Winner Announced in Tomorrow's *Crumb*



## ***Results of the First Annual Unsanctioned Water Balloon Toss***

Driest: **Amanda Littlehale** • Wettest Kid: **Rachel McKnight** • Wettest Older Child: **Andrea Orr**  
and **Bonnie Kaplan**

Grand Prize Best Catcher: **Sam Lamott**

*Beware: The Goddess of Water Balloons will visit those who chickened out in your darkest and driest hour.*

## Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast: Buttermilk pancakes with assorted syrups, hard-boiled eggs, O'Brien potatoes, apple muffins
- 9:00 Lecture: **Maureen Howard**, "The Visible in Calvino's *Invisible Cities*," *Little Theatre*  
Informal appointments: **Kit Ward**, **Jordan Pavlin**, *Porch near the Blue Parlor*
- 10:15 Poetry, Nonfiction Workshops
- 11:00 Texas Falls outing departs from the front of the Inn
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers
- 1:00 Lunch: Reubens, open-faced hummus sandwiches, tater barrels, kernel corn
- 1:45 AA Meeting, *Birch 12*
- 2:30 Panel: "Nonfiction Markets," *Little Theatre*
- 4:00 Afternoon Readings: **Anne Lamott**, **Greg Williamson**, *Theatre*
- 5:00 Gala cocktail party, *Treman*
- 6:30 Dinner: Roast turkey with stuffing and gravy, deep-dish vegetable pie, mashed potatoes, peas, pearl onions, rolls
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **Heather McHugh**, **Charles Wyatt**, *Theatre*
- 9:45 The Bread Loaf Late Show presents: **Wait Staff II**, *Theatre*

## Today's Schedule for the Homesick

- 7:30 Mom makes better pancakes.
- 9:00 **Maureen Howard** is *not* Mom.
- 10:15 Mom likes my poetry, and she loves my memoir.
- 11:00 If Mom had packed this Texas Falls lunch, she'd've put in all my favorites.
- 1:00 Mom never ever served me *hummus*.
- 2:30 If Mom were on this panel, she'd tell everyone where she expects to see my work appear some day.
- 4:00 **Anne Lamott** doesn't act like my mom.
- 5:00 Mama told me not to come (to Treman).
- 6:30 Mom makes a much better Thanksgiving dinner.
- 8:15 **Heather McHugh** doesn't talk like my mom.
- 9:45 I don't think Mom would like some of these Wait Staff readings.



### Nonfiction Markets Panel Participants:

Thomas Mallon and Dan Frank



## The Bread Loaf Classifieds:

NEED RIDE TO  
BROOKLYN: Can't  
drive -- alas --  
but can help pay  
for gas, etc.  
Patricia Spears  
Jones, Box 2376  
-----  
PERSONALS: "Milky  
Way," I can't stop  
thinking about

that conversation  
we had by the  
pond. Do you  
think you'd ever  
reconsider?  
-----  
NEED RIDE TO DC OR  
NYC on Sunday.  
Will pay gas,  
tolls, can also  
share driving.

Linda Ayres-  
Frederick, Box  
2382.  
-----  
BIG SALE IN THE  
BOOKSTORE TODAY  
AND TOMORROW!!!!  
20% OFF EVERY-  
THING! Don't let  
Al Shapiro be the  
only one sporting

a Bread Loaf base-  
ball cap.  
-----  
VOTES ARE STILL  
COMING IN for the  
Bread Loaf Animal  
of the Year Award.  
It's neck and neck  
between Scott  
Spencer's dog  
Scarecrow and that

chipmunk that  
invaded Gregory  
Spatz's reading  
yesterday. We'll  
keep you posted on  
this one.  
-----  
JOB WANTED/EDITOR-  
IAL: Only two  
issues left. Need  
new gig. Box 2275

## Quote of the Day

Despite a giveaway clue ["all in the past and you must now lend a eye"], only Blue Argo correctly identified yesterday's author as Linda Pastan, a fixture on the poetry faculty here for twenty years. Blue leads Steve Duffy 4 points to 3. But it's not too late for some of you one-pointers. What to do? *Well, Breaker, Breaker, we got that initial thing going here.....* or would Capt. Norton Girault be able to provide those two letters we're looking for from his Navy experience with personnel from construction battalions? If you can't figure it out from that, then it's *back to the drawing board* or perhaps I should say *your back's against the wall*. Anyway, in honor of these final few days of Bread Loaf, here's a little unfinished business that might sound way too familiar, come to think of it:

She thought he was a decent enough man until she tried to break up with him. They were sitting at the back of a restaurant drinking decaffeinated coffee; she was gesturing with her hands and saying that this *thing*, their relationship, wasn't going anywhere and that he knew it. His hands lay flat in his lap as he listened to her, and his blue eyes never moved in his bland pudgy face. When he didn't respond to what she had said, she stood up. He reached out for her arm, missed it, and knocked over his water glass. It was nearly empty, and only the ice cubes spilled out on the tablecloth, sliding in her direction. She looked at him, paid for her half of the bill, and walked out to her Toyota. She was turning the key in the ignition when, hearing something, she looked to her left at the window and saw his hand pressed flat against it. Then the fingernails began scabbling against the glass. She had already pressed down the lock. She hear his voice coming in gasping explosive waves from behind his hand. Only three of his words were audible: "...can't ...do...this." She shifted the Toyota into first gear, released the clutch, and drove out of the parking lot, seeing him, slouched and coiled, receding in the rearview mirror.

## The Bread Loaf Miscellany

■ **Taxi!** Please confirm your reservations IMMEDIATELY with the Front Desk. ■ **Hello?** We have only 3 outgoing lines and diminishing patience with those who make lengthy calls. Numerous complaints have been received. ■ **All Aboard!** If you signed up to go to *Texas Falls*, please show up! Your lunch is in the bag and not in the dining hall today. We depart at 11 sharp. If you volunteered to drive, pull up on the eastbound side of Route 125 behind the Blue Van. ■ **Hay There!** There will be hayrides offered to all of us at the Treman cocktail party. This is not some new exotic drink Patrick invented, but an actual wagon with hay on it. If you feel this latest innovation of Michael's is the last straw, you'd best take it up with him. ■ **Wait up!** Reading tonight at the Wait Staff reading: Susan Tekulve, Ting Ting Cheng, Matt Howard, Will Allison, Kwang Lee, Greg Strong, Tricia Nagy, Julia Stitely, Jane Yeh, Melinda McCollum, Rebecca Hurst, & Joel Turnipseed.

## Today's Readers

This afternoon, the podium will be shared by Anne Lamott and poetry fellow Greg Williamson. Anne has published four novels, *Hard Laughter*, *Rosie*, *Joe Jones*, and *All New People*, and two nonfiction books: *Operating Instructions: A Journal of My Son's First Year* and *Bird by Bird: Some Instructions on Writing and Life*. She lives in northern California. Greg won the 1995 Nicholas Roerich Poetry Prize with his first collection, *The Silent Partner*. He grew up in Nashville, Tennessee.

Tonight's readers are Heather McHugh and fiction fellow Charles Wyatt. Heather has published five books of poems, the latest of which is *Hinge & Sign: Poems 1968 - 1993*. She has also published a book of essays, *Broken English: Poetry and Partiality*. She teaches at the University of Washington in Seattle. Charles received the John Simmons Short Fiction Award and the Iowa Short Fiction Award for *Listening to Mozart*. He is principal flutist of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra.



Watching Westerns as a child, I thought that outlaws who were shot on television were, in real life, criminals who chose to die on television rather than be gassed. (My father had taught English at San Quentin, and I knew about the gas chamber.) I thought animals who were killed on TV really died. I was nine years old when President Kennedy was killed, and I was more shocked that the teachers were crying than that Kennedy had died, until I was in bed that night. I knew by ten years old that life would be happier if only I were quite stupid and devoutly religious, but unfortunately I wasn't. Late at night, with the lights out, alone, is the best and the worst time to think about death and dying.

My dream consultant and I talk about death frequently, usually when someone we know has died or got sick, but we mostly make jokes, or concede calmly that, really, it is to be expected, that everybody does it eventually. Kathleen thinks she will go kicking and screaming. I think that if I'm conscious, I'll be mostly annoyed.

-- Anne Lamott

*From Hard Laughter*

### *In the Shield of Athena*

As people watch eclipses in a pail  
Or see the sun reveal itself a star  
In ponds and windowpanes, drawn down to scale  
When Perseus drew out his scimitar

To slay Medusa and assure his fame,  
He held the stony gaze that none could hold  
By holding her reflection in a frame,  
Then journeyed on to gardens made of gold.

Some things we cannot look at, but in stealth  
We fancy grand abstractions, love and time,  
(Which runs like water, circulates like wealth)  
By analogue, reflection, paradigm,

And so envision shrouds of grief, the gem  
Of naked beauty and the knucklebone  
Of hate, such things as on the face of them  
Would blind the eye or turn the heart to stone.

-- Greg Williamson

### *Amniotic*

I drove a day and a night  
over poured asphalts, on moon  
macadams, now and then corrected  
by an intermittent dashing; turned right

at the first fierce sign of government  
and went till I hit wet. The wet  
was only starting, so I stopped.  
The night passed not as time

but space, and pushed  
sunshine and then the sun itself  
from up the other side of islands.  
When I woke it was a neighborhood

of new-cropped rock, containing one  
whole nowhere of sea-smoke...

-- Heather McHugh

When I am playing a solo, as I am tonight, I think of what I must do afterward, of bowing. Of whether I shake the conductor's hand first or the concertmaster's. Or I think of all the times I have played this piece, or, more likely yet, I think of the hours spent practicing, of waiting to perform it, of imagining its performance. Where does the music come from? I might as well be asleep, where perhaps I still hear those unearthly symphonies. One part of me minds the music; and that is not a conscious thing, rather a kind of falling, a slow falling, like a dive into green water with the surface almost out of sight. And the other part is wading in cattails with my rod held high, thick rubber boots over my knee, the smell of the mud just released in bubbles around me as I step and sink, and the sudden jar of the water moccasin striking my leg.

-- Charles Wyatt

*From Listening to Mozart*



## Today's Schedule

- 7:30 Breakfast: French toast with maple syrup, cheese omelets, bacon, bagels
- 9:00 Lecture: **Garrett Hongo**, "Mentors, Ministry, and Inspiration," *Little Theatre*  
Informal appointments: **Jordan Pavlin**, *Porch near the Blue Parlor*
- 10:15 Fiction Workshops
- 12:15 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, *Little Theatre* [NOTE LOCATION CHANGE]
- 1:00 Picnic Lunch: Chicken salad, macaroni salad, three bean salad, tossed salad, brownies
- 2:30 First Afternoon Readings: **Jayne Anne Phillips**, **Loren Graham**, *Little Theatre*
- 4:00 Second Afternoon Readings: **Patricia Hampl**, **Julian Anderson**, *Little Theatre*
- 5:10 AA Meeting, *Birch 12*
- 6:30 Final Banquet: Tenderloin with horseradish sauce or stuffed sole with rice, red potatoes, fresh cauliflower and broccoli, wheat rolls
- 8:15 Evening Readings: **Scott Spencer**, **Erin Belieu**, *Little Theatre*
- 10:00 The Bread Loaf Late Show:  
• Movie, *Little Theatre*  
• Final Dance, *Barn*  
• Mixers, *Blue Parlor*

## Today's Schedule for the Microscopic



### The '96 Bread Loaf Singers Debut; Encore Tonight

The 1996 Bread Loaf Singers gave their first performance last evening at the Gala Cocktail Party in the Barn and were warmly received. The program included long-time favorites "Sing We and Chant It" and "My Heart Doth Beg You'll Not Forget" and last year's newcomer "Matona, Lovely Maiden." They will perform these pieces and a Lukas Foss setting of a Carl Sandburg poem, "Cool Prayers," at the Evening Readings at 8:15. The singers are: first sopranos **Robin Ackroyd**, **Martha Clark**, **Tanya Hansen**, **Pat Lynch**, and **Betty Starr-Joyal**, second sopranos **Kate Adams**, **Gabrielle Burton**, **Elaine MacLean**, and **Aimee Piotrowski**, altos **Carol Knauss**, **Alison Sprout**, **Pilar Tan**, **Jacqueline Wales**, and **Suzie Zweig**, tenors **Linda Conner**, **Kathleen Devereaux**, **Jill Hindle**, **John Lescow**, **Libby Stott**, and **Gary Swaim**, baritones **Loren Graham** and **Christopher Rathbone**, and basses **Don Mitchell** and **Al Hudgins**, who also stands in front of the group waving his arms and making faces at them, which somehow seems to work.

The girl who was a fish circles deep within the bowl of Turtle Hole. Parson feels her undulating movement in his body as a sliver of silver in his chest, and the silver moves like a bright minnow into his belly, cool in the heat of his sleep but hurting like a burn. He knows he should wake up. But he holds still, careful, trapped in his own dream. She travels within his sleeping length, seeming to whip and move in his darkness that is vast and deep as the dark of Turtle Hole. She is shining in that water, shining inside him, long and thin. Her darkness lengthens, skating through water like a snake. The glow of her yellow hair pressed flat to her head has become the shine of her dark flesh. She is a snake with human eyes and the wide gaze of the angel of death, and in the dark water of Turtle Hole she sees the children floating in their bubbles of air. They are sleeping, all of them, curled into themselves, and she opens her gaping slash of a mouth and swallows them whole before the evil can touch them. The water is crowded with shadows that moan for light and air; Parson hears their reedy, warbled voices and feels their wavering approach. But the snake moves through them, limitless and closed, shooting for the surface in a long black streak that shines and contracts, a rapid S, and when the head of the snake breaks water, Parson sits up in his sleep. She has found him.

-- **Jayne Anne Phillips**

From *Shelter*

*It all begun the night of the revival, I had  
set by that Linda girl on account of you was still  
in Kerrville and she asked me. She was sweet*

*on me, maybe, judging how things come out  
but she never had let on for years before. We walked  
home, I can't even remember what we said*

*but when we got to her daddy's farm she looked  
at me real sad and run off into the barn.  
I went in there but it was too dark*

**#1604**

*so I groped back for the light. There was a harrow  
laying there upside down, the tongue  
was propped up on a block like somebody*

*was working on it. I said, Where are you Linda,  
because I couldn't see her nowhere, and she said, Come  
up Mose, and I looked where her voice had been, high*

*up in the hayloft. Only I didn't see her, I just saw  
the tail of her lavender dress hanging  
off the edge where she had threw it on the hay.*

-- **Loren Graham**

I woke at 4 a.m., freezing in the cold, snug and warm when I turned on the lights. I was sour and mean, and there was a light and woke, off and on until 6:30. Morning Praise, the first Hour of Praise.

I piled on several layers of clothing. The night-day of morning. Along the way, I bloomed in the late spring of the year, the cold. Before I reached the surface, the cold of my corduroys were drenched with water as if it had rained in the night.

As I opened the chapel door, the cold that did not inaugurate something new does—the monastery had one of its sharp metal into the air and let it go, away, from work to community. Different, an *Om* of a bell, and it was "sitting," the *zazen* meditation.

Not that Harry and I were not married. Our union was precariously welded together at the seams. Harry complained I was not feeling guided by forces that I understood without losing out to his reasoned approach as beforehand—elusive, mercurial. The sword, gave himself to cerebral pleasures. I fast for me to catch on, so I made a maker. I did the cleaning, the ironing, the arranging of flowers, called for through the stack of *Times*'es that arrived each month, but my mind stopped short of someone, you camouflage a little, for camouflage fools even you. I believed in frau. I developed a kind of Geiger counter, done, and I did them, and let Harry



ing in the little room that had seemed  
turned off the light to sleep. The cold  
there was no heater in the place. I slept  
til 6:30, when it was time to get up for  
Hour of the Office.

s of clothes and went out into the foggy  
long the brook trail, the wild iris still  
ng of the place, looking chastened in  
ed the chapel, my shoes and the cuffs  
enched with a dew so heavy it seemed  
night.

d door, a low gong sounded, a Zen tone  
something, as a Western church bell  
d one of these, too, a clanger that sent  
ir and brought people, in the medieval  
nunity prayer. This low gong was dif-  
and it brought to a close the hour of  
tation some of the nuns practiced.

**-- Patricia Hampl**

*From Virgin Time*

were not by then a seasoned twosome, but  
welded and required constant vigilance at  
d I was too much ruled by illogic, and I did  
I understood but could not quite explain  
soned arguments. He remained in marriage  
mercurial. Harry drew inward, sheathed his  
bral pleasures. His thoughts pinballed too  
made a niche for myself as pleasant home-  
ne ironing of clothes, the buying of bread,  
lled for taxis and porters. I read dutifully  
s that arrived in a pile at our address every  
d short of analysis. When you're living with  
little, for survival, and after a while, your  
I believed myself to be complete as haus-  
Geiger counter for things that needed to be  
Harry reach for glory.

**-- Julia Anderson**

*From Empire Under Glass*

The next morning we woke early and rolled into each other's arms.  
It was cold in our bedroom and whenever we stopped making love,  
I felt the perspiration hardening along my spine. Tracy called out  
my name and I called out hers—or a mangled version of it—when  
the third ejaculation ripped through me like hot knotted rope. As  
we lay there the sense of solitude, enfoldment, and the invulnerabil-  
ity of living in that house filled and warmed me. I felt that my life  
had reached the only sort of perfection available to it—is it always  
so when life is about to explode? does it swell up like a frog, display-  
ing every muted, astonishing color along the line of its throat?

"Who's going to make breakfast?" I asked Tracy.

"I'll think of a number between one and seven," she said. "If you  
guess within one digit then I'll go down and make something. If you  
miss, then you go."

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I asked.

"Just guess."

"Six."

She rolled away and grabbed for the covers. I slid next to her and  
put my arm around her. She took my hand and put it to her breast  
and then drew her knees up. She breathed a deep sigh and pulled  
me closer.

"Don't make me go, Virgil. It's too cold down there. My nipples  
will implode. This, this implosion is an often ignored danger of  
country life. We're hundreds of miles from the nearest breast clinic.  
It's an insane risk."

**-- Scott Spencer**

*From Preservation Hall*

Remind me of a similar devotion;

how the head, buried  
deeply in the brush

and gully of damp flesh,  
becomes platonic  
in its gratefulness,

a perfect worship.  
This is why one body,  
fastened to the forest

of another, swells.  
This wild dependence

of the host on her guest.

**Tick**

**-- Erin Belieu**



## The Bread Loaf Miscellany

■ **Lily takes Animal of the Year Honors:** Patricia Hampl's dog, Lily, has swept past the Chipmunk and Scarecrow Spencer to win Animal of the Year. There was a flood of votes on her behalf at the last minute, making her something of a dark horse, so to speak. Congrats, Lily! ■ **Blue Argo Outquotes Everyone:** Correctly guessing yesterday's mystery author as **Charles Baxter**, who was on last year's fiction faculty, **Blue Argo** wins the Quote of the Day competition, besting Steve Duffy, whose belated but correct guess of **Linda Pastan** the day before was tallied but insufficient to get past Blue. Congrats, Blue! ■ **Mike Ditchfield snags Dreadful Opening Sentence Accolades:** Despite some stiff competition from an anonymous entry about a pumpkin and someone named Alan, **Mike Ditchfield** took the award for the Worst Opening Sentence: *I'd been bored for almost a year when I decided to write my way through it.* Congrats, Mike! ■ **Patricia Spears Jones Challenge Winner:** PSJ has reviewed all the entries for new roles for Demi Moore and gives top honors to **Diane O'Dwyer**, who suggested "Camille." Congrats, Diane! ■ **An address list of one:** Speaking of **Patricia Spears Jones**, her name and address were inadvertently left off the Conference Address List because the Office Staff has been working too hard. Patricia's address is **426 Sterling Place, #1C, Brooklyn, NY 11238**. The office deeply regrets the accidental omission. ■ **Special bookstore hours:** After the evening readings, the bookstore will be open to sell copies of the work of today's six readers, from 9:15 until 9:45. The bookstore will not be open on Sunday. Don't forget the 20%-off Sale continues today. ■ **Smoke will be allowed in the Theatre:** Tonight's movie is *Smoke*, directed by Paul Auster. Michael thought that Harvey Keitel was in it, and he heard it was a great movie. Siskel and Ebert would not return *The Crumb's* phone calls. ■ **Need an agent?** Literary agent **Christina Ward**, who's been holding appointments this weekend, has asked *The Crumb* to print her address and phone number for any other Bread Loafers who would like to correspond with her about representation. Please mention the Bread Loaf connection. Her address: Post Office Box 515, North Scituate, MA 02060. Her phone: 617/545-1375. ■ **Bread Loaf Classifieds:** A ride to the **Manchester, NH** area (Route 93) on Sunday is being sought by **Nancy Lord** (Box 2368). She's offering to buy gas and lunch and will talk or be quiet, as the driver prefers. Meanwhile, **Jack Garman** (Box 2383) still seeks a ride to NYC (actually, Brooklyn, Park Slope, to be precise). He's a safe driver and can share on gas costs. He'll still laugh at punchlines, though he may lose this capacity soon if he can't find a ride. ■ **Bread Loaf E-Mail:** A list on the bulletin board of all E-mail addresses of this year's Bread Loafers needs your info, if you'd like to join in. Don't forget to stop by and sign up. We have more than 100 of these so far, and they will be made available to all in the fall. ■ **Pick up yer pix:** If you ordered a photo of your workshop, they're now available at the Front Desk. ■ **Order yer pix:** Shots of faculty, fellows, scholars, and administrative staffers are for sale for \$7.50 at the Conference Office. They will be mailed to you later. ■ **The Crumb's Salute:** We think it highly appropriate to pause a moment here and sing the praises of that stalwart soul who is our first contact with Bread Loaf and often the last person we see waving goodbye when we leave. No one works harder to make our experience here a rewarding one than **Carol Knauss**. She'd have my hide if she knew I was sneaking this in, but it's 2:30 in the morning and she's asleep, so here it is. She deserves our thanks and our appreciation for her indomitable spirit, dedication, and tenacity in the face of temperamental copy machines, a mountain of printed matter, and many other tasks that each day brings. Thanks, Carol, for all you do! ■ **A short farewell edition of The Crumb:** Will be available after the evening reading tonight. Pick one up tonight if you have an early departure. We will not be able to print any further notes from you, as we hear the editor is off dancing somewhere. ■ **Phones:** Don't forget about lengthy phone calls. As departure times near, the need to reach the outside world significantly increases. Keep it short and keep us happy.

## Today's Readers

Today at 2:30, **Jayne Anne Phillips** and poetry fellow **Loren Graham** will give readings. Jayne Anne has published two story collections, *Black Tickets* and *Fast Lanes*, and two novels, *Machine Dreams* and *Shelter*. She is currently teaching at Harvard. Loren, an Oklahoma native, now lives in Charlottesville, Virginia. He is the author of *Mose*.

**Patricia Hampl** and fiction fellow **Julian Anderson** read at 4. Patricia, also on last year's nonfiction faculty, is the author of *A Romantic Education*, *Woman before an Aquarium*, *Resort and Other Poems*, *Spillville*, and, most recently, *Virgin Time*. She teaches at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. Julian, a Bread Loaf scholar in 1991, is the author of *Empire Under Glass*, which came out in May. She grew up in rural North Carolina and now lives in Columbus, Ohio.

Tonight's readers are **Scott Spencer** and poetry fellow **Erin Belieu**. Scott is the author of *Last Night at the Brain Thieves' Ball*, *Preservation Hall*, *Endless Love*, *Waking the Dead*, and *Secret Anniversaries*. He lives in Rhinebeck, New York. Erin won a National Poetry Series Awards for *Infanta*, selected by Hayden Carruth. Born in Nebraska, she now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she serves as managing editor of *Agni*.



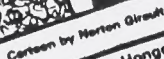
**All the doors fly**

Yes, this may be the seventy-fifth annual session of the country's oldest writers' conference, but relax: you've been given the password and we're easy

Pass 1  
simply a question  
syllables.  
word

Time	Activity
7:30	Breakfast
8:00	Lei
	Th
	Eve
9:50	Po
	Wi
10:00	Ca
	inf
12:15	Re
	Sin
1:00	Lur
2:30	Par

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE  
Issue Number 4  
TONIGHT: HONGO . MAYO . DISCO!  
CONTRIBUTED BY A  
VARIETY OF WRITERS



the inqu  
tors sitt  
overwh.  
10:15 Lower do  
talking t  
inside tl

written by Morten Girault

Poet Garrett Hongo and fiction fellow C.M. Mayo get tonight's fix with an evening reading at 8:15. Afterwards, everyone wander several We-Deserve-It entertainment options brought to you toni Show, each beginning at 10: A Dance in the Barn, with guest DJ movie *Short Cuts* in the Little Theatre, and the Blue Parlor Mixi

...ance of that part of the Inn (ice and mixers pro-  
... to perfect weather, and the night is yours

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

**WORKSHOPS BEGIN TODAY; MAXINE KUMIN VISITS**

...ed now: the workshop lists are posted and at 10:15 this morning, they  
...e Bread Loaf Mountain. A list of workshop locations is i  
...ue. Remember, the Front Desk can offer d  
...or Barn West.

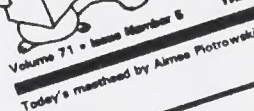

THE BREAD LOAF WEST

no 71 - Issue Number 2

**WORKSHOPS BEGIN TODAY; MAXINE KUMIN**

It's all settled now: the workshop lists are posted and at 10:15 this morning, they will begin, in locations all across Bread Loaf Mountain. A list of workshop locations is in the Conference Office and in this issue. Remember, the Front Desk can offer to find more exotic locales such as Tamarack or Barn West.

Many interesting



7:30 Breakfast  
9:00

10:1

1:00  
A:00

5:00

# Today's Schedule

Breakfast: Scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon, blueberry muffins

7:30 John Elder's Renga Hike departs from Inn (Barn 3) prompt: they won't wait for latecomers!

9:00 Lecture: Heather McHugh, "Leash, Lash & Lead A Rhetoric of Line in Montale," Little Theatre

10:15 Fiction workshops, (Barrett Workshop moved to Library upstairs)

12:15 Presentation: Amy Holman, "Public Nonfiction and Poetry," Theatre

12:30 Rehearsal, Bread Loaf Singers, Blue Park

1:00 Presentation on the Warren Wilson MFJ Picnic lunch: Veggie and cold cut grind

2:30 Presentation: Heeken Group (two presentations), Theatre or Barn 2

Fiction classes: Thomas Malton (Inn Seminar Room)

Claire Messud (Barn 3)

Fiction classes: Loren Graham (Barn 5), Karen V. Masu

2:30  
Fiction class  
Clark Messud (Inn 3)  
(Barn 3)  
classes: Loren Graham  
(Barn 5), Karen V  
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THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS

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Wilson MFA, Barn  
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Mallory (Barn 1  
iner Room), C.MGraham (Barn 6), Mat-  
Karen Volkman (Barn 4)  
Masumoto (Barn 1)  
Shapiro, Bradtans  
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## Today's Schedule.....

....you have to write yourself. Both versions. You've been most gracious to allow me to entertain you all these mornings, and I will miss your smiles and your kind words. Last year, William Maxwell called us a company, intending the theatrical meaning, and in many ways this morning feels like the end of a play's successful run. The lights in the theatre are dark, the costumes packed away, all the lines have been delivered. The cast we assembled here is unique and will never again appear together, and so wistfully we take our leave and return to all we had put on hold to be here. Those of us who work behind the scenes offer to you our heartfelt gratitude for your willingness to join us and our hopes for a safe journey onward.

Several of you have told me that it will be hard to face your mornings without *The Crumb*. Thanks for that. But let me encourage you all to carry the spirit of *The Crumb* -- the shared laughter, the common experiences that unite us -- into a special form of writing, one we've made little mention of here but which is essential to us all. Use the address list and write letters... electronically or with snail mail....write to each other and bring that spirit into your own home, into your life *out there*. A letter from a Bread Loafer can be a wonderful surprise and occasionally vital to your work. I invite all of you to keep in touch, as I have tried to keep you all in touch each morning. Such an edition of *The Crumb*, so variously written and spontaneously delivered, would magnify whatever pleasures I may have given you here. In truth, you are, and always will be, the best editors of *The Crumb*.



THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thursday, August 22, 1996  
Editor: Al HagginsS THAT  
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JOUS!THE BREAD LOAF  
ber 11

Today's Schedule

breakfast: French toast  
yup, cheese omelets, ba  
Lecture: Garrett Hon  
Ministry, and Insp  
Theatre  
Informal appointm  
Pavlin, Porch ne  
Workshop

9:00